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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 6, 1943
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Vol. CLXXV No. 2285 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOV. 6 1943

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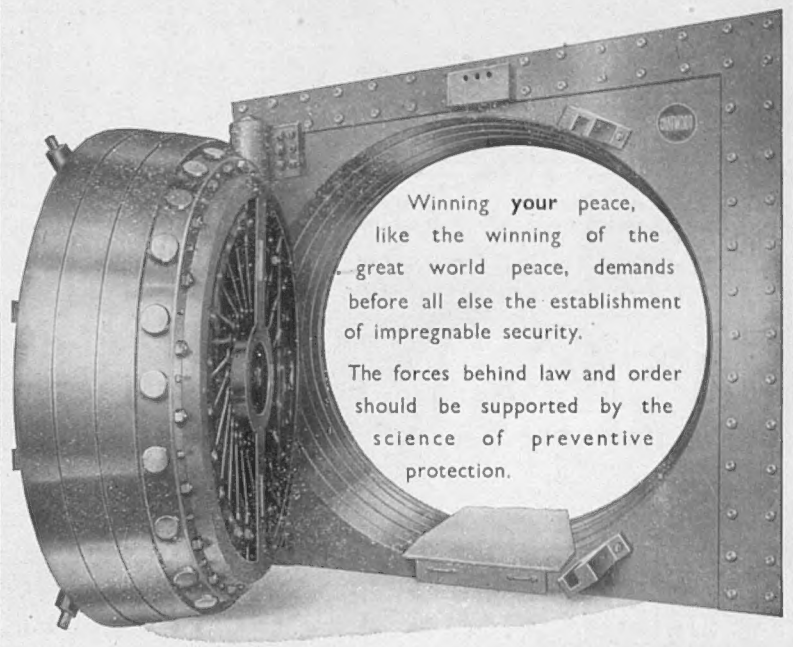

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Volume CLXXV No. 2285

The SPHERE, London, November 6, 1943

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE COMPARATIVE SLOWNESS OF THE ALLIED ADVANCE IN ITALY. **Canadian tanks roll forward around a hairpin bend on the way to Volturara, in the hilly district on the Eighth Army Front**

During a recent conference at his Headquarters, General Alexander referred to the "slowness" of our advance in Italy. He was speaking particularly about the extensive mining of the roads by the Germans as they retreat to the north. This picture shows another cause for the tardy progress of our troops. All up the central spine of Italy is a region of hills and mountains, round which the roads twist and turn laboriously: in such country, demolitions can be carried out with ease, to say nothing of surprises which may lurk round any, or every, corner. Therefore, it behoves our tanks and other heavy equipment to proceed with care lest disaster overtake them. This picture was taken in the Eighth Army's area where Canadian tanks are operating. Note the loose surface of the road they are traversing and the severity of the hairpin bends they have to negotiate many times in the course of every mile

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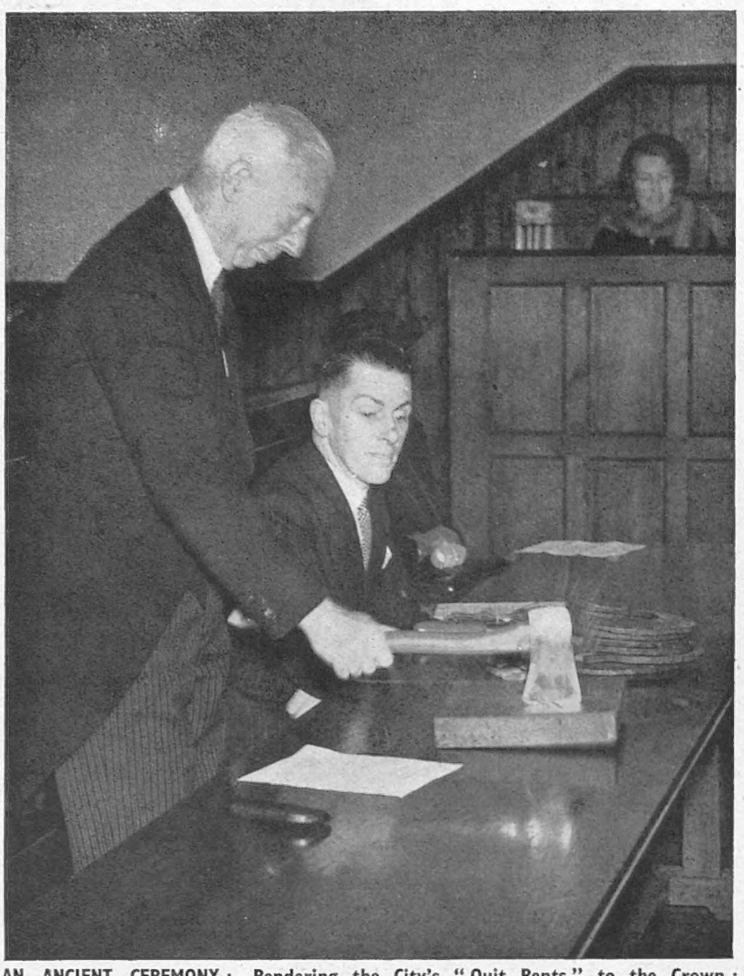
A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 218

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Coming Melon.—The Russians are as praiseworthy for patience as for *élan*. They have shown a remarkable restraint in withholding details of the "booty" in men and material which has fallen to them in their great pronged drives to Perekop, Nikopol and . . . where you will. On the last day of October they were but twenty miles from Perekop on the shores of the stagnant lake, and the Crimea was all but cut off by land; while inside the Dnieper Bend, prong within prong had woven the Nazis' trapped forces into isolated pockets. But not one official word had fallen concerning prisoners in the bag, and no figures had catalogued the tale of captured material. November 7 is a great anniversary in Soviet Russia. It was a date remote enough when, already some time back, the tale of booty must have made the Allies' mouths water. Commendable restraint indeed, if such good news was postponed for that distant day! And if November 7 is to be a day of revelation, these statistics will share the banner headlines with other red-hot news items. According to Mr. Roosevelt, November 7 should be about the date for a release of the fruits of the Moscow Conference (or so much of them as be deemed good for us). In short, we may reasonably soon look forward to a cornucopia of good news out of Russia: news of harmony and brass-tacks from Moscow, news of booty and liquidated Huns from the great Steppes and the great Bend. And when on the Feast-day (whichever it be) we lift the covers from the dishes, we may confidently predict no Barmecide's feast, but a groaning board, which will call for all the digestive juices we can muster.



AN ANCIENT CEREMONY: Rendering the City's "Quit Rents" to the Crown: With sharp blows from a new hatchet and a highly-polished axe, the City Solicitor (Mr. A. F. I. Pickford) severed two bundles of faggots in the Law Courts a few days ago; and the King's Remembrancer, Mr. Valentine Ball, Senior Master of the Royal Courts of Justice, loudly proclaimed "Good Service has been rendered." This ancient ceremony of rendering the City's "Quit Rents" to the Crown has taken place annually on the same site where, in Tudor days, the Knights Templars had their tourney ground. The tendering of the faggots discharged the rent of what was in former times known as the "Moors," a piece of waste ground in Shropshire which has been traced back in history to the reign of King John. Six massive horseshoes with 61 nails were tendered next to the Master, as rent for a centuries'-old forge that once stood on the site of Australia House, in the Strand. The rusted shoes, similar to those worn by Flemish war horses, were dropped heavily on the bench by the City Solicitor before being presented to the King's Remembrancer

They Will Cheat You—Again?—*They will cheat you, these Junkers.* As I skim through the daily Press and "read of the things they say" in the Allied countries—off the record though those sayings be—I cannot get out of my mind that grim warning from the Four Years' War. The Nazis are beaten—and know it. Evidence crowds in that they know it. They have one hope—to cheat defeat, to moderate their punishment, to split the Allies, and to try again another time. How much importance *must* we, how little *need* we, attach to these off-the-record spoonfuls of jam for sorely-tried Goebbels? There is much to be said in extenuation. I think we in Britain do not fully comprehend the large differences between our own and America's theories and practices of democracy. Alike in this war and in peace, America is far ahead of us in the pursuit of freedom of speech and expression of opinion as an integral part of democracy. To tell the truth as they see it is not the luxury, but the plain duty, of a democratic citizen, from which no thought of the consequences should absolve him. It may seem hard to some of us that we should be accused of trying to influence the result of the next Presidential Election. A majority of us, I fancy, hardly realise that another such election is already more than "a little cloud like a man's hand." We can hardly recall dimly the distant days when we, too, were interested in a change of Government. We have grown up and grown old in an era of perpetual Parliament and have tasted the political "mixture as before" until we have ceased to believe in the existence of other "nostrums." If Americans would but accept that fact, as we accept those other facts concerning Americans, at least the more outspoken would acquit us of intervention in their domestic politics. We in England can look back and estimate, ruefully enough, how slow—how desperately slow—is the progress of national education—the only gateway to international understanding. But if time alone can achieve "a time for greatness," this critical hour may surely achieve a compromise, an expedient, a time for *shrewdness*; a special effort towards temporary restraint. The plum is ripe, it totters on the branch, it is positively about to fall into our mouths. The evidence grows more convincing every hour; the reward of our long agony and sacrifice is at hand for the grasping. Are we going to let it fall to the ground to be gobbled up by the pigs, while we take our eyes off the branch or use our mouths to snap at each other?

U.S. and Us.—Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt are as brothers—that is to say, to all appearances they seem to the average man to enjoy and to practise the ideal relations between brothers in blood and arms: mutual respect, affection, trust; broad opinions shared. Never, never was that longed-for (and not always too energetically pursued) ideal, brotherhood and full understanding between the two great English-speaking nations, so vitally important as to-day—and to-morrow. But the example of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt—fine as it is—is mercifully not the only example now being set towards that ideal. Individuals die—even supermen. Statesmen are driven from office or retire. The nations march on and do not die. So it is fortunate that other examples exist in wider circles and among humbler citizens of both countries. No better proof that this is so is to be found than in the utterances of the big-hearted leaders on both sides in the Services—of Eisenhower and Stark, of Cunningham and Alexander. These men (as I believe) are truly the mirrors and mouthpieces of the men they lead, and have given us a reasonably true picture of the day-to-day, workaday relations between the fighting men of the two great democracies in arms. It is, therefore, small wonder if, with these two shining examples in the foreground, we view with distaste the occasional evidences of bickering and suspicion among civilians in the background, and if we are inclined to cry out against that eternal ugliness of war—the jackals snapping and quarrelling round the feet of the lions. What is the cause of this littleness and how can it be banished? It is not enough to call for a "time for greatness." The best we can call for is Time (*tout court*). Education does not come by act of Parliament. It comes by Act of Parliament interpreted and practised to the letter over generations of time. And understanding of another nation's peculiar conditions, which largely hinges on education and experience, is no more swiftly to be accomplished.

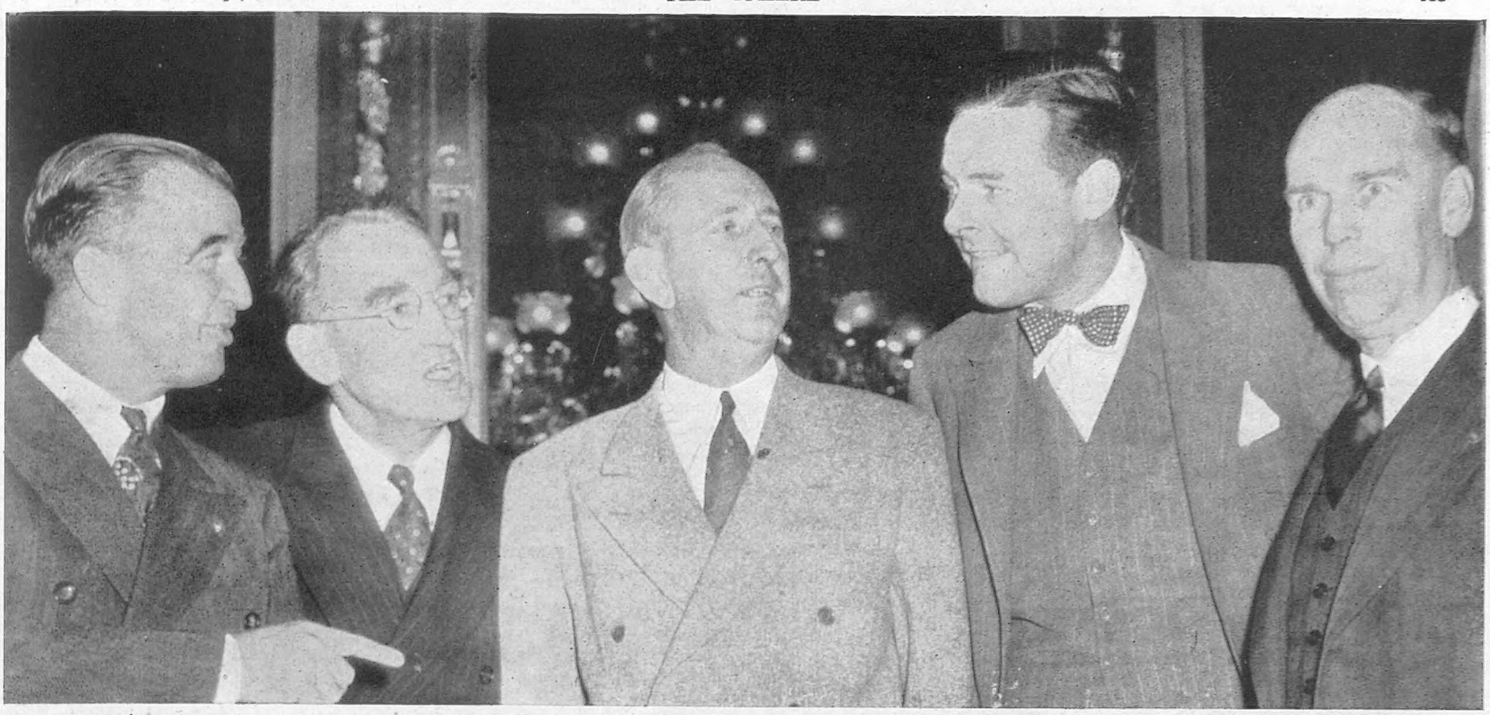
Lord Linlithgow—a Dilemma.—It was customary in the "bad old days" to reward a Viceroy at the end of his term with a "step in the peerage." And quite recently Lord Willingdon rose from Earl to Marquis. Lord Linlithgow's record was a remarkable one. Unfortunately, he began it as a Marquis, and by general consent the creation of dukedoms has been in abeyance since the seventies of last century. None has been created, save for the Royal Family, since that of Westminster, which for seventy years has remained the junior dukedom. Lord Linlithgow's great services have been rewarded with the Garter. He is already of the Thistle. The trouble about the Garter as a reward for merit (as opposed to high rank) is that it is obstinately linked to an ancient epigram:

"There is no damned merit about the Garter."

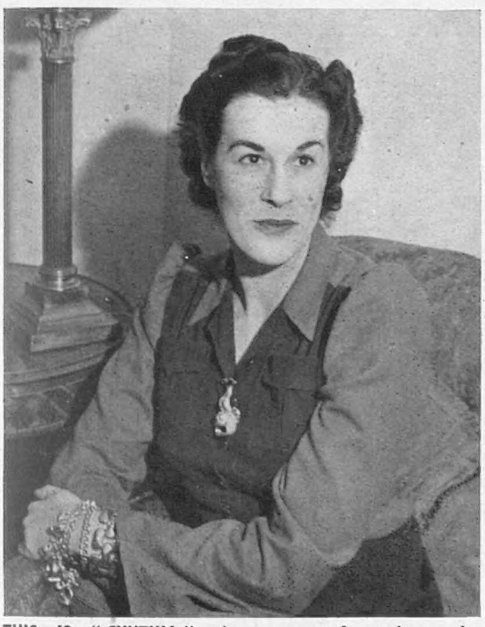
In this new dilemma, it seems that the Garter may shed its epigram at last and come out strong as a reward of merit, like the modern O.M. But the case of Lord Linlithgow does not open out the whole dilemma. In the present melting-pot of our democracy, in the present flux of theory and practice regarding the Second Chamber and an hereditary peerage, little point exists in *any* promotion from one rank to another in the peerage. I should be immensely interested to learn the result of a Gallup poll on half-a-dozen questions carefully chosen to ascertain public opinion on the whole subject in all its aspects and implications.

B.I.P.O.—A reference to the Gallup polls the other day brought me a courteous correction from the British Institute of Public Opinion, with the assurance that Britain is by no means deficient in this scientific-mathematical method of ascertaining the trends of public opinion on current political and social problems. It is well. Such referendum methods are to-day more valuable than ever when Parliamentary representation is, inevitably, very much a dead letter on all but one vital issue which needs no checking. It is quite natural that a given individual might be unaware of the activities of the B.I.P.O. Most men think of themselves as a glaring type of some component part of the nation. Yet for decades a method of cross-sectioning the public might miss the square inch of strata which holds his particular fossil. Here (a man might say) am *I* (who hold clear, strong views), a man of some education and ripe experience, an ex-soldier, a Territorial, a barrister, a journalist, an author, a J.P., a bonnet-squire—all this and more besides—and yet the B.I.P.O. has never yet sent a young gentleman to interview me or ascertain my views on smoking or Communism or cinemas or broadcasting. What a lapse, what a floater, what a loss of efficiency! Cool reflection might well reduce his ego to reasonable proportions and convince him that his particular cross-section could be well represented without recourse to himself. (And indeed I have found there are many who think as I do in my varied and modest roles, whatever they are.) So I turned with zest and interest to the study of some of the B.I.P.O. referenda since 1938, and was intrigued to discover that Mr. Neville Chamberlain's policy was favoured by a majority of the nation as late as October 1938; that in the same month and year 34 per cent. of the population regarded £3 10s. or less as an adequate income for a family of four; that 47 per cent. of the population were interested in football pools; that half the population visited cinemas at least once a week, and that 12 per cent. never went inside the door of a cinema; that 83 per cent. of British men smoke and 39 per cent. of women; and that nearly half the nation in 1939 would have accepted a free trip across the Atlantic by air. What shall I venture to offer the B.I.P.O. as subjects for their next referendum? *Imprimis*, the question of punishing war criminals. Can man devise a sharper punishment than God, even assuming he can get his accused into the dock and find a court capable of trying him? Is hanging a worse punishment than St. Helena or Doorn? And the Beveridge Report. Do you favour its wholesale adoption without meticulous examination of ways and means and psychological implications? And the continuation, while war lasts, of the life of the present Parliament. And . . . but my list would outrun my allotted space by 100 per cent.

THE OLD STAGER



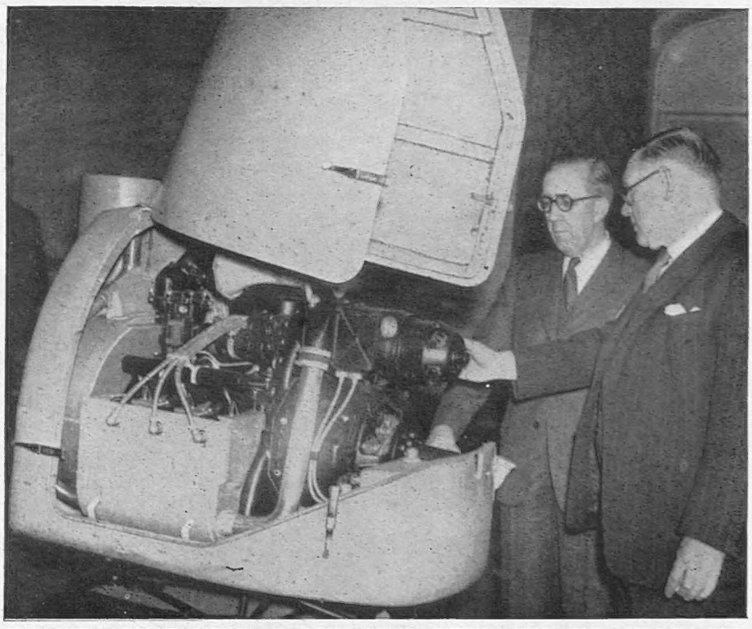
THE FIVE GLOBE-TROTTING SENATORS, PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER IN WASHINGTON. These are the men whose secret report on their return caused so much discussion in two Continents: their comments on Anglo-American relations and their conclusions concerning British domination in certain regions aroused a storm of controversy in which the President was forced to intervene. Their report to their fellow Senators was given behind locked doors in Washington on October 7, but the world was not long left in doubt as to what the "secrets" really were! From left to right in this group are—Senator Albert B. Chandler (Democrat, from Kentucky); Senator James M. Mead (Democrat, from New York); Senator Richard B. Russell (Democrat, from Georgia); Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Junior (Republican, from Massachusetts); and Senator Ralph O. Brewster (Republican, from Maine)



THIS IS "CYNTHIA," the woman for whom the repatriated prisoners shouted at Liverpool. She is Miss Elliot, of Portman Square, London, and she is a kinswoman of Lord Southesk. In June 1940 she was captured by the Germans while serving in a mobile canteen unit with the French Army. In the famous Stalag 9, Miss Elliot and her two friends nursed 1,500 wounded and blinded men from Dunkirk, many of whom were amongst the repatriated prisoners landed at Liverpool. She reached home only two-and-a-half weeks ago. When she arrived on the quayside at Liverpool she was immediately spotted and recognised, and a great cry of "Cynthia" at once arose from the returning men

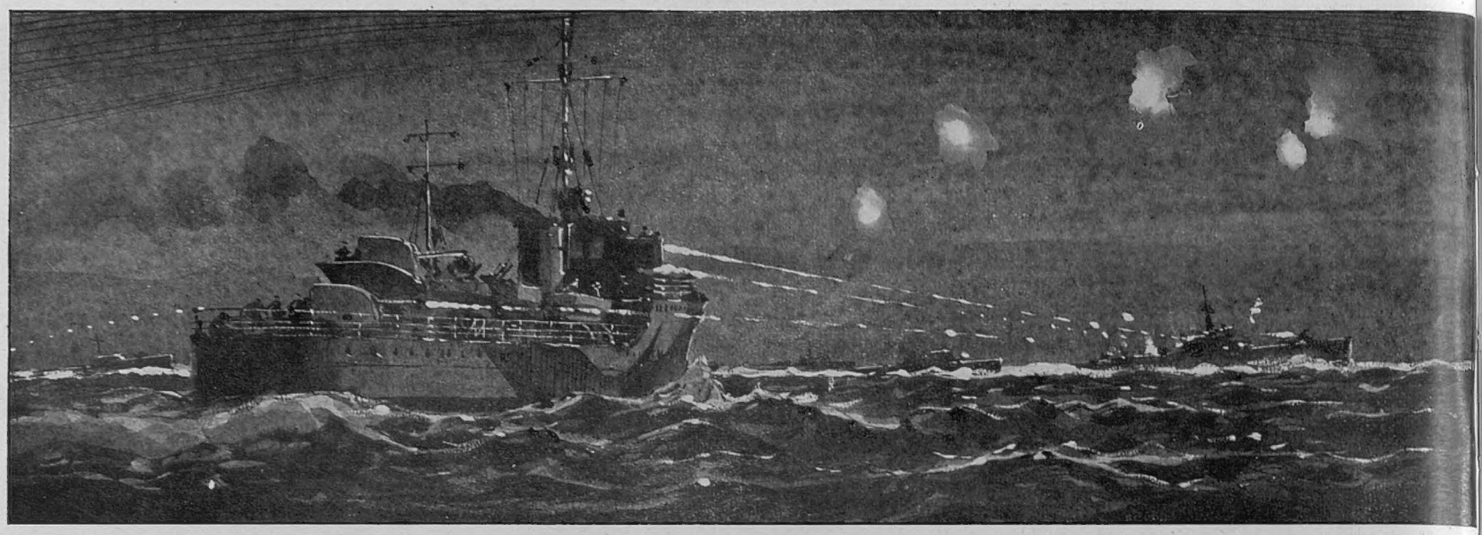
LATE NEWS PICTURES

On right — The new engine installed *inside* our big bombers, for the purpose of operating the increasing number of devices carried on board is, in fact, a "Flying Power Station." Built in a compact box, it gives current to start the main engines, operate the instruments, gun-turrets and radio, recharge spare batteries and provide heat. It is proofed against noise, vibration and fumes, and is designed to run for very long periods without attention: it weighs three times as much as an average man. Its designer is Mr. D. R. Pobjoy, already well known for the famous aero-engine which bears his name. It is being produced by Rotol Ltd., a company formed by the Rolls-Royce and Bristol firms



THE FIFTH ENGINE WHICH IS NOW BEING FITTED INTO OUR FOUR-ENGINED BOMBERS. It is an auxiliary aero-engine, called the "Flying Power Station," to provide heat, light and power: its designer is Mr. D. R. Pobjoy, seen above with Mr. R. H. Coverley, controller of Rotol Ltd. (on right)

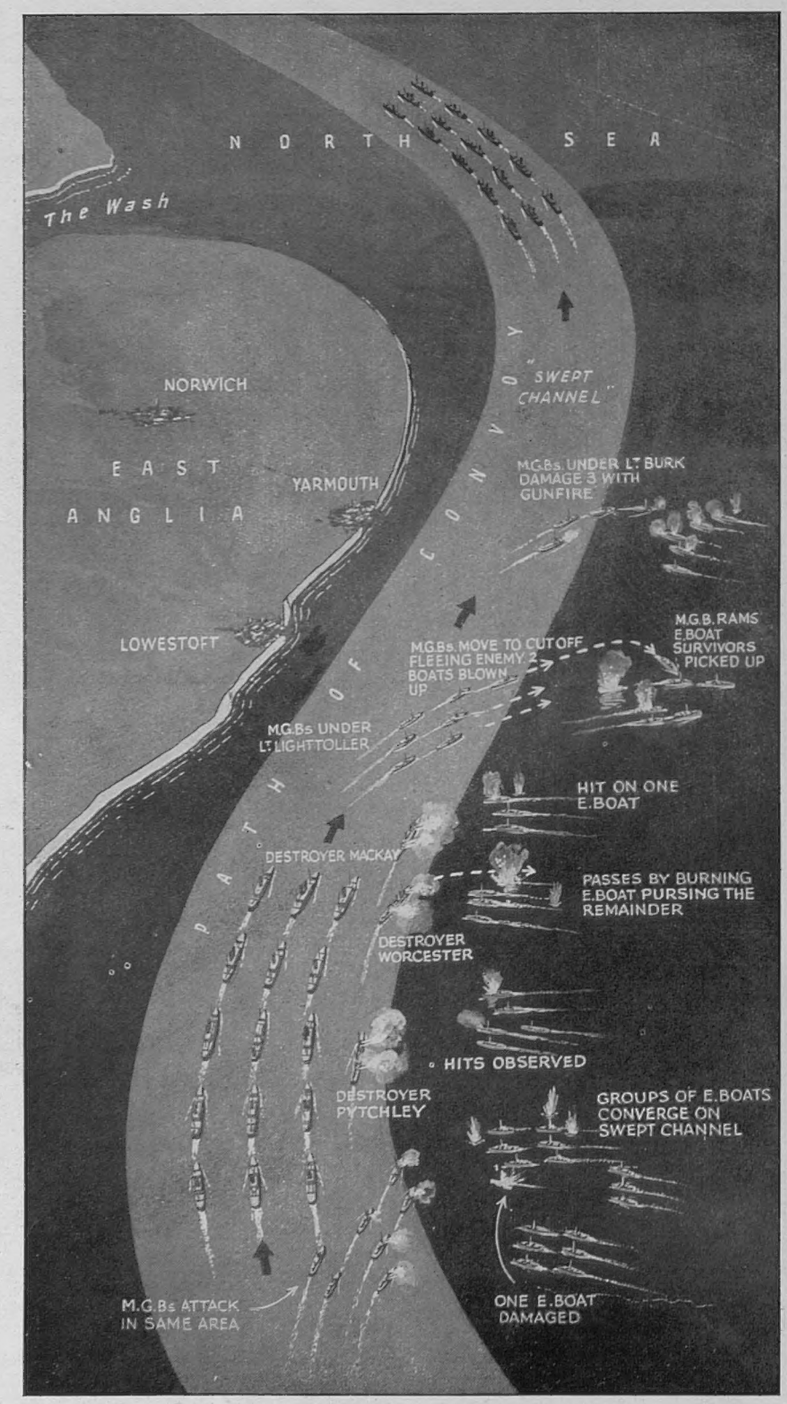
Above and on left—**AN ABORTIVE GERMAN ATTEMPT TO HOLD UP THE FIFTH ARMY WITH ELECTRIC BOMBS.** On the Naples-Benevento road the enemy had intended to delay our advance by blowing down the large trees on each side of the road. Bombs, to be electrically detonated, were tied to the tree-trunks for a considerable distance: when they exploded, it was intended that the trees should fall inwards and thus block the passage of the advancing troops



SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT ON OCTOBER 24, the destroyer "Pytchley" sighted the gleaming wake of five E-boats steaming towards home in a leisurely manner. She put star shells above them and engaged them with gunfire. Hits were observed on one of the enemy vessels and the entire group then made off

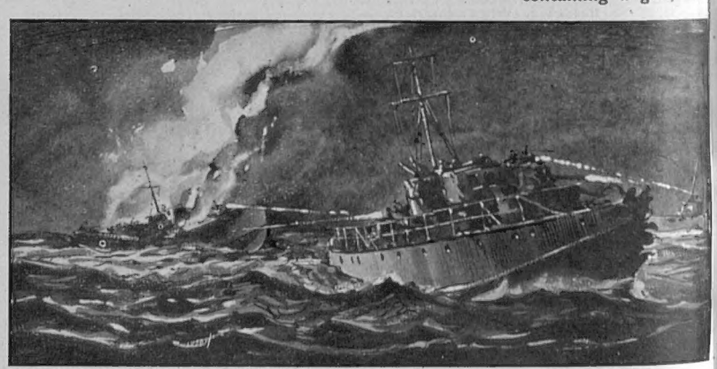
The "LITTLE SHIPS" in BATTLE: The Action off the East Coast when 30 E-boats Attacked a British Convoy

—Special Sphere Drawings of the Engagement on October 24



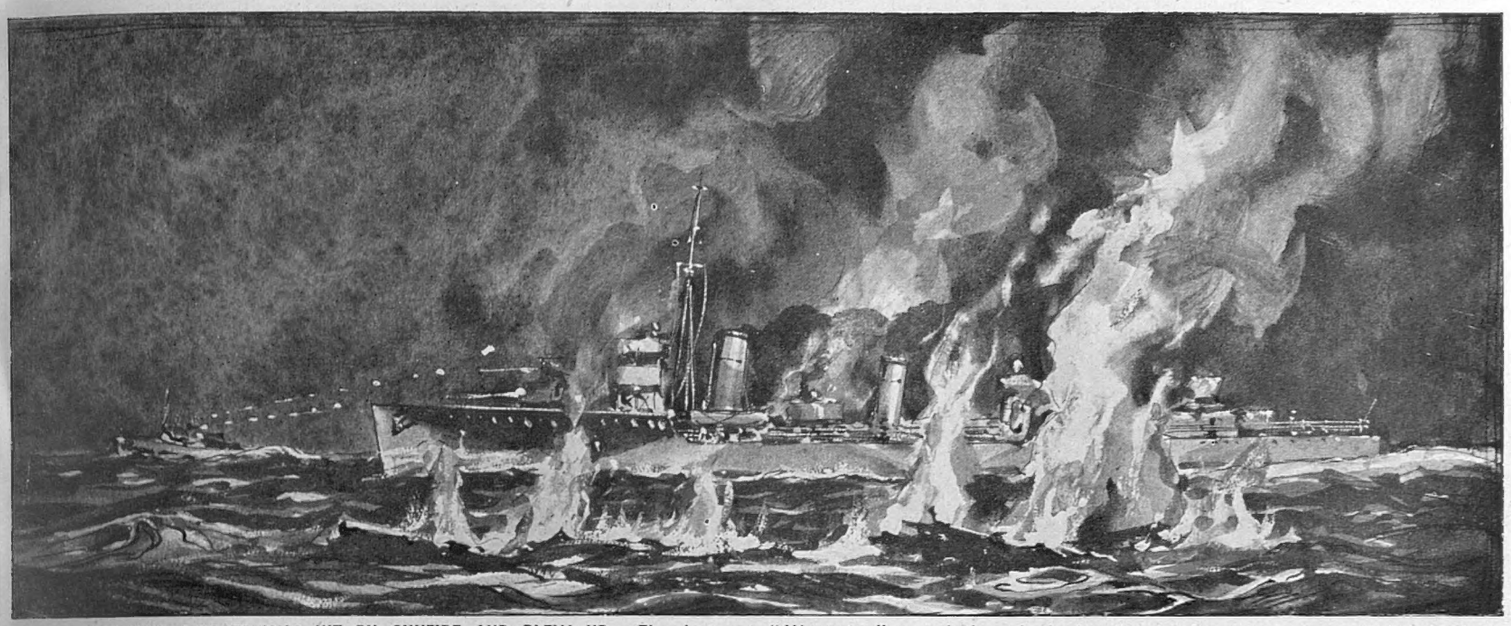
HOW THE ATTACK DEVELOPED OFF THE EAST ANGLICAN COAST on the night of October 24-25. A diagrammatic drawing showing how the E-boats attempted to break up the British convoy and how the attempts were fought off by destroyers and M.G.B.s. The series of running actions lasted for nearly five hours during the night—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN THE WHOLE OF THI would hit me unless I hit him," said Lieut. Marshall. "So I swung in toward shattered wood." (Note—The German E-boat carries its torpedo tube containing a gun, wit

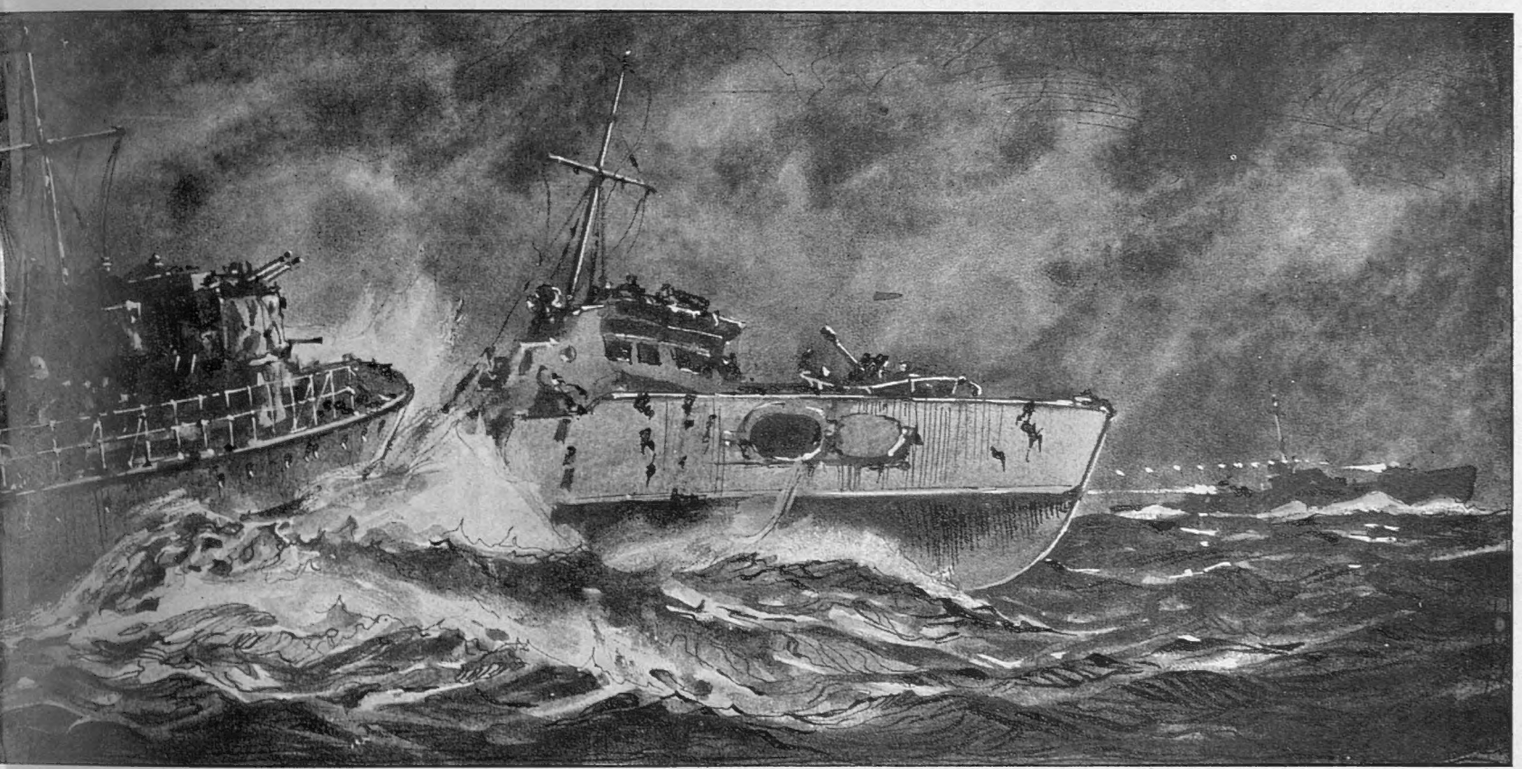


HAVING RAMMED THE E-BOAT, Lieut. Marshall's ship swung round in a circle. A little later the rammed enemy vessel, still alight, settled down in the water and slowly sank

The drawings reproduced on these pages show scenes during the action which took place in the North Sea on the night of October 24-25 when strong forces of German E-boats, totalling about thirty, which attempted to attack a British convoy off the coast of East Anglia, were engaged by British destroyers and M.G.B.s and driven off with severe losses. The enemy was prevented from attacking the convoy and, during a series of running actions which lasted for nearly five hours, four E-boats were destroyed and seven were damaged.



ONE OF THE NAZI E-BOATS WAS HIT BY GUNFIRE AND BLEW UP. The destroyer "Worcester" passed through the burning wreckage as she pursued the remainder of the group, and severely damaged a second E-boat. This destroyer was one of the British ships which took part in the attack on the "Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau" in the English Channel last year

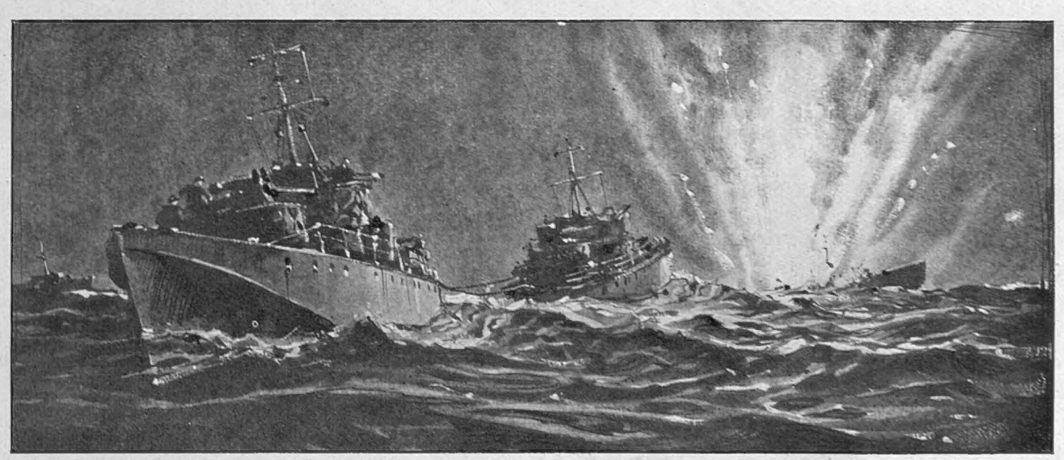


HIGH-SPEED ACTION: THE M.G.B. COMMANDED BY LIEUT. R. M. MARSHALL RAMS AN E-BOAT. "One of the enemy came across my bows, and I saw that he him, increasing speed at the same time, and went right into him cutting through his side like a knife through butter. There was a horrible crunching sound of inside the hull, and not on deck like the British M.T.B.s and M.G.B.s and fires them through a port on each bow. Between the two tubes is a well (or cockpit) "depression rails" to ensure that the vessel itself cannot be hit by its own shells—*Drawings by Wm. McDowell*

Shortly before midnight groups of the enemy vessels converged on the swept-channel from several directions. One group, composed of about five E-boats, was intercepted by the destroyer *Pytchley*, which engaged the enemy with gunfire. Hits were obserevd on one of the E-boats, and the entire group then withdrew. Soon afterwards, M.G.B.s attacked an enemy group in the same area and severely damaged one of the vessels.

Other E-boats were engaged by the destroyer *Worcester*. One of the enemy was hit by gunfire and blew up. The destroyer passed through burning wreckage as she pursued the remainder of the group and severely damaged a second E-boat. Almost immediately afterwards, the destroyer *Mackay* scored hits with gunfire on yet another E-boat.

Meanwhile, our M.G.B.s had moved into position to cut off a group of fleeing enemy vessels. As the E-boats approached, they were engaged with gunfire. Two blew up and were seen to sink, and an M.G.B. under the command of Lieut. R. M. Marshall, R.N.V.R., destroyed a third E-boat by ramming. Survivors were picked up and were made prisoners-of-war. Sometime later, other M.G.B.s surprised a further force of E-boats and damaged three of them with gunfire. All the British vessels returned safely to harbour.



WITH HER BOWS BADLY DAMAGED, LIEUT. MARSHALL'S SHIP WAS TAKEN IN TOW. Suddenly, there was a terrific explosion as an E-boat astern of the two British vessels suddenly blew up, sending debris 200 ft. up into the air

The E-boat is the German counterpart of the British motor torpedo boat. From 90 to 130 ft. long and of 50 to 90 tons displacement, it has a speed of 30 to 40 knots. It has two torpedo tubes, two A.-A. guns, and heavy shell-firing automatic guns. The crew numbers about seventeen. E-boats have been used for mine-laying and as anti-submarine craft, as well as in their more familiar role of "night hawks."

The HOMECOMING

of the Repatriated British Soldiers

Scenes at Leith and at Liverpool as the Returned Prisoners of War Arrived in Britain from Germany

Three liners adapted as hospital ships brought the men back—the *Empress of Russia* and *Drottningholm* to Leith, and the *Atlantis* to Liverpool. All the men have been captives in German prison camps for many weary months: they had fought at Narvik, in France, Belgium, Greece and elsewhere; and many of them were sick and severely wounded. The warmth and spontaneity of their reception on arrival must have shown all the badly wounded men that their country was aware of the great sacrifices they had made. At Leith, 3,694 men were landed, and at Liverpool another 760. Preparations had been made for their reception, and for their immediate transference to hospital for rest and examination before they were sent on the next stage of their journey—home, for those fit enough; and to places for special treatment for those who were unfit to travel immediately. The pictures given on these pages were taken at both ports soon after the docking of the hospital ships.

A TENDER FROM ONE OF THE TWO HOSPITAL SHIPS AT LEITH nears the landing-stage with a first batch of the returned prisoners. Scottish pipers on the quayside greeted the men with stirring music

BLINDED MEN FROM THE "ATLANTIS" are greeted by Sir Ian Fraser, of St. Dunstan's. Alongside Sir Ian (on the right) is General Sir Ronald Adam, Adjutant-General of the Forces, who had previously read a message of very warm welcome from the King and Queen

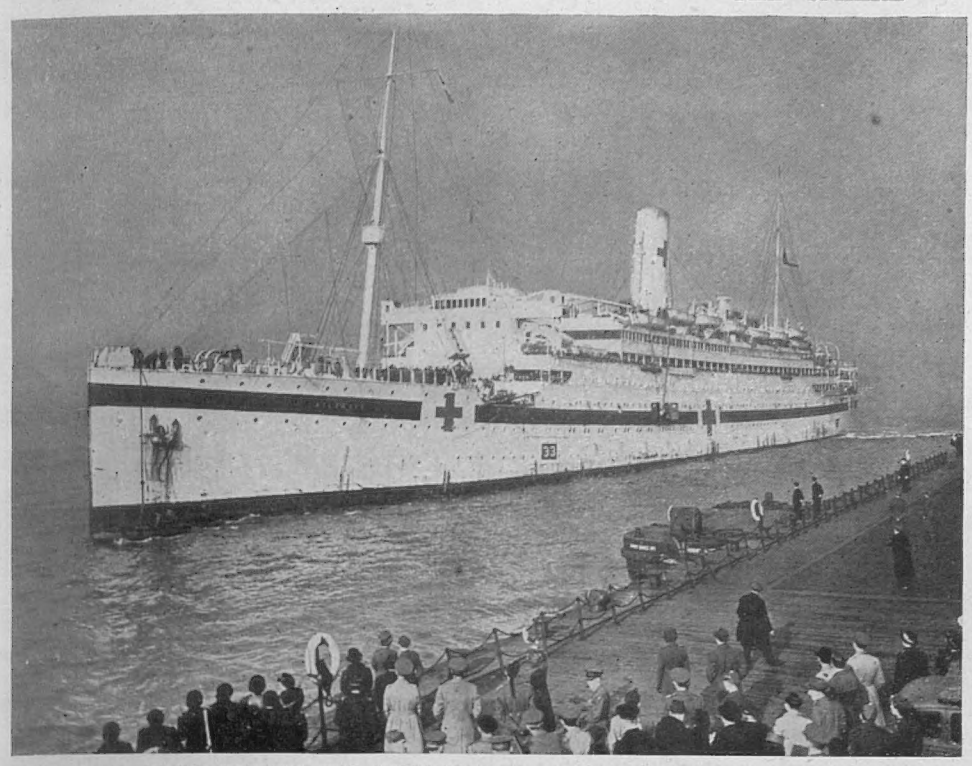
REPATRIATED MEN CHEERING from the decks of the "Atlantis" as the vessel came alongside to land them at Liverpool. Seven hundred and sixty seriously sick and wounded men were aboard this ship

DOCKSIDE CROWDS AT LEITH CHEERING THE CARS that drove the repatriated men away after disembarking once again on British soil. Many of them had been held in prison camps for years

PRIVATE A. TURK, OF MAIDSTONE (captured in France in 1940), leads the singing of his fellow-prisoners after landing

A SURPRISE FOR THE WOUNDED MEN, who were entertained by E.N.S.A., which had organised a concert. Tommy Trinder made a surprise visit, and his turn on the stage was received with salvos of laughter by the audience, who thoroughly enjoyed their first concert on British soil

EXPRESSIONS OF SOME OF THE REPATRIATED SOLDIERS enjoying a hearty laugh as they listened to Tommy Trinder's jokes



THE ARRIVAL OF THE HOSPITAL SHIP "ATLANTIS" AT LIVERPOOL. As she came up to her berth, ships in the river blazed a chorus on their sirens, and Army bands played the vessel to the landing-stage with melodies of popular airs

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY with a blind repatriated man. The thirty-one-year-old Marquis was wounded and captured at Dunkirk whilst serving as a lieutenant. In a German prison camp he taught thirty blinded Allied captives to pick out the alphabet with matchsticks: afterwards he had Braille equipment sent out so that the men could be taught to fit themselves for post-war life

THERE WERE SIX HUNDRED WALKING CASUALTIES who marched off the "Atlantis" at Liverpool. Some had lost arms, others had lost legs. They appeared to be very cheerful, however, and came ashore to the tune of famous choruses, such as "Tipperary," "Pack Up Your Troubles" and "Roll Out the Barrel"

THE REV. A. A. DUFF, Senior Chaplain to the 51st Division, who lost an arm and was captured at St. Valery. He was first ashore at Leith

THE FIRST AMERICAN off the "Atlantis" at Liverpool—Paratrooper Scott, who comes from North Carolina

A VERY WELCOME CEREMONY AFTER LANDING. Sergeant W. Preece, of the Royal Engineers, receives his pay in hospital

TORCHES ARE HANDED OUT TO EACH MAN by members of the Red Cross after the repatriated prisoners had reached hospital

A HAPPY GROUP OF MEN leaving in a Red Cross tender for hospital to receive their new clothing, etc., before going home

Two CRUCIAL NOVEMBERS of the GERMAN ARMY

The Inevitable Comparison between Conditions To-day and those which Existed in the Year 1918 when the German Army in the West Collapsed

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ALTHOUGH the present German Army must complete another month of battling before it equalises the fifty-one months and eleven days that its imperial predecessor lasted a generation ago, the Germans themselves have selected this November-armistice-anniversary time to draw comparisons between their military position to-day and that of twenty-five years ago.

In the first week of November 1918, the German Army stood further into Russia, all in all, than it does to-day, and it was a relatively whole and standing Russia at that, which had been beaten into acceptance of German viceroys over large sections like the Western Ukraine. An uncertain peace had returned to the East, where not more than fifty divisions were absorbed by police and development work, many of them of second-line or *Landsturm* category. Generally speaking, the German High Command had little to fear from Russia and the East.

In the Balkans, however, the position was really menacing. Bulgaria had quit, and the Allies, freed from any Turkish interference in their rear, were racing north through Serbia towards a cracking Hapsburg Empire, which, in effect, withdrew from the struggle on November 4. Viewed from Ludendorff's headquarters, the military situation in Serbia and Northern Italy then became about as bad as it could be.

On the Western Front, where Ludendorff had concentrated as many as 210 divisions, German resistance had been palpably weakening since August. And the Home Front had rapidly deteriorated since President Wilson's Fourteen Points Offensive in mid-October. Civilian Germany was desperately hungry and felt the war had been hopelessly lost. These factors combined, convinced the British that they were finishing the job, when, on that same November 4, twenty-six divisions of our Fifth, First and Third Armies moved forward to the attack on a thirty-mile front from north of Valenciennes down to Oisy. There was a widespread hunch that this was to be the last battle of the war, and so it proved.

Of the diversity of reasons and excuses put forward for the unexpectedly swift German caving-in, two have stood out ever since for their authenticity: The fighting German had concluded that the war was lost for certain, on account of the unlimited flow of American troops and material, and the crumbling of civilian morale had communicated its inevitable effect to the front line units. The impulse to get back home and see what could be salved of one's personal life, overcame all other considerations.

Undeniably there are similarities, then and now. This November the Germans are whipped and retreating in the East, while doing defence and police duties in the West to the tune of forty or fifty divisions. The position is roughly transposed from what it was in 1918. Again, Home Front morale is very bad indeed, this time from bombing instead of hunger. On the other hand, the position in the Balkans and North Italy is not yet anything like as serious for the Germans as it was this week twenty-five years ago.

But what of the German Army itself? Have we sound reasons for supposing that it may be approaching that all-is-lost mood when the soldier's dominant thought is to thread his way home to his dear ones before something intervenes which makes it finally impossible for him to do so? Will Hitler's Army stick it notably longer than did the Kaiser's in sufficiently resembling circumstances?

Now, the first thought that crops up has to do with casualties. There is what seems to me a mistaken tendency here, to say that the German Army has not yet had nearly enough simply because we, in the West, have not been dealing out the blows, because all has been relatively quiet close at hand. Yet Mr. Churchill has told us he has reason to believe the Germans have suffered nearly twice as many casualties as they did in 1914-18. This may not prove to be the case, but it does look as if this German Army has experienced heavier losses of first-line effectives than its imperial predecessor suffered in the West and the East last time. Whether we or the Russians brought it primarily about, these Germans have already bled more sappingly than did their fathers. The next certainty is that this German Army is not so homogeneous as was the Kaiser's, which was racially "pure" by comparison. Hitler's conscripting of various non-German types taken from "Greater Germany" paid dividends as long as victory smiled, but now that defeat threatens, these *falsch-deutch* want nothing more than to be able to surrender. And they number hundreds of thousands, a million, maybe, all told. Hitler's Army is simply peppered with false-Germans with Austrians, Czechs, Poles, Yugoslavs, Slovaks, Slovenes, Ruthenes, Alsatians, Balts, and others, again, who have to be kept from lagging behind, bent on surrender, by *echt-deutsch* machine-gunners—real Germans with orders to shoot-up the faltering non-Germans.

And if that German Army of a generation ago had cause to glance anxiously back at a Reich chiefly assailed by hunger and depression, how much more must the *Wehrmacht* of 1943 fear for the Home Front. When front-soldiers get no letters from home, as happens more and more owing to transport strain, they are hardly less down-at-heart than when they hear their families have suffered and been evacuated. Nor can leave any longer be looked forward to. The Nazis do not want the front-soldier to see the hideous state of German towns and cities; besides, there is a shortage of trains and fuel.

No leave. Little mail. Less food; or, at any rate, a big change from the fat of the land, which German troops have been used to ever since 1940. Hitler will still send the choicest nourishment to the fighting men, but he no longer enjoys the wide looting range of yore, while lack of transport keeps down the delivery of what is available. Remember the days when special liqueur trains used to be run to the frozen Russian front, trains jammed with every kind of heating drink and tempting delicacy. When fighting men are hit on matters of leave, letters from home, food, and the safety of their families, they need a great deal of bucking up.

Then there is one quite new fear that besets Hitler's Army. German soldiers, it appears, are displaying anxiety with reference to the millions of foreign slaves working in the Reich. How can they be sure of getting back to Germany in time to protect their homes and women should these long-deprived and hating victims recover their liberty in a sudden collapse?

Whichever way he looks, the German soldier's mind is anything but a happy one.

Taking everything together, we need hardly be surprised by the Berlin announcement that front-line soldiers are to be paid bonuses, the payment of which will depend on the presence of these "hardship conditions": Deterioration in the general condition of living; repeated nights spent in the open; irregularity or insufficiency of food supplies. The Russians insist that it is also raining Iron Crosses and that officers are being promised triple pay. However that may be, the authentic bonuses for the front line are significant if only on account of their origin—since who invented them but Daladier, during the phoney war, in an attempt to combat the drooping morale of the French soldiers? Ten francs extra a day the front-line *poilus* got, and it didn't have the slightest effect.

Now consider some of the reasons why this German Army is likely to hold out—though I am not one of those to venture how long, even to six months.

It has a core of hundreds of thousands of bestial young fanatics, "animal youths who would possibly be certified insane in many countries," as one war correspondent puts it. They glare wildly and shout when spoken to; bite orderlies' arms when tended; spit at interrogating officers. Who doubts but that these blooms of Hitler Youth will fight on to the death in all circumstances until literally beaten down in their tracks? These are the ones, if any, who are ready to follow the last Nazi leader set upon bringing down Europe in ruins if Germany, too, must fall.

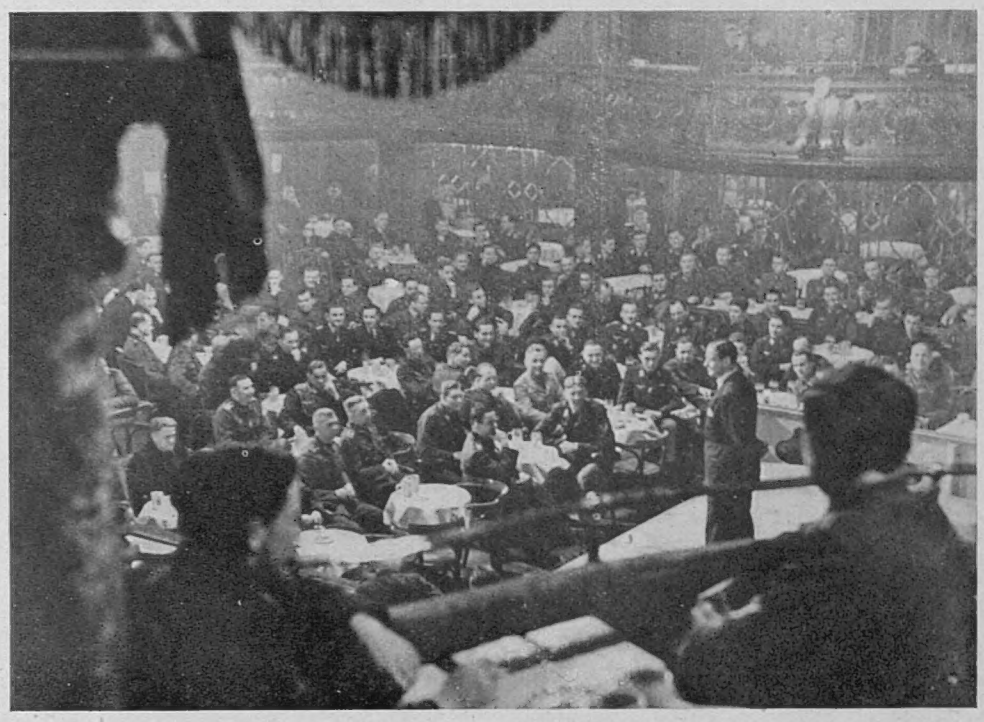
There survives a considerably wider element of less fanatical, older men whose morale still remains fairly strong for a mixture of reasons. They think they are as superior to the Anglo-Americans as circumstances have finally proved them to be inferior to the Russians, and they apparently are not averse to meeting the former in raging battle when hardness and experience count above all. They think that if bloody checks can be administered to the "amateurish" British and Americans, while the Russians are held on a shorter line, then a Führer not yet shorn of all his magic may contrive to bring about a negotiated peace, particularly should he produce secret weapons and novel action

It is remarkable how much of the German Army believes that Hitler has something big up his sleeve, the popular current fancy being that it will take the shape of a monstrous counter-assault on London by super-blitz, a sea of fire, and airborne dynamitings on a huge scale, all three being made to synchronise.

Added to this, is the expectation that, one way or the other, Hitler or the Generals will find a way to divide the Allies.

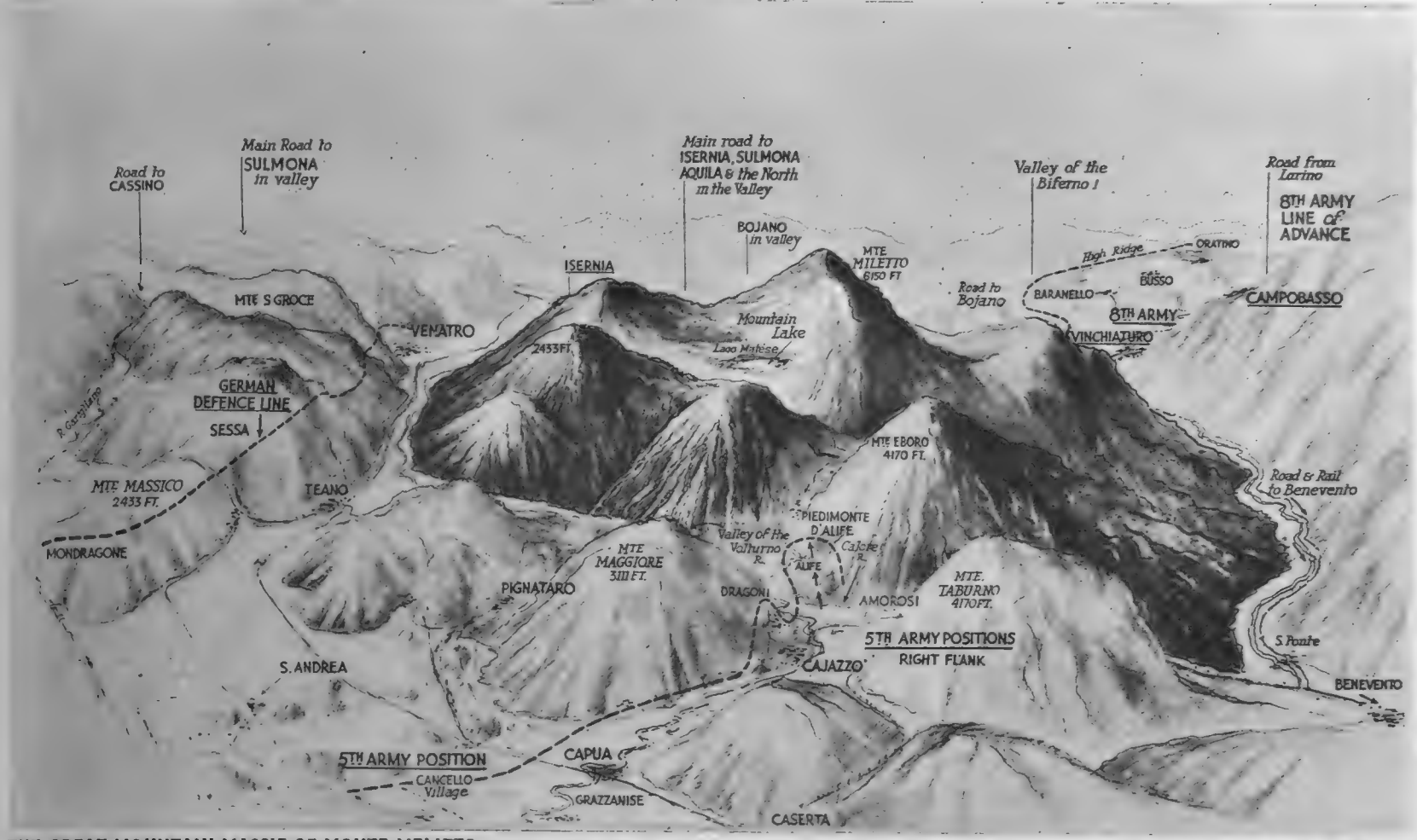
In sum, a good deal of the German Army has yet to be persuaded that fighting a slow retreat, punctuated by violent ripostes, cannot be made a paying proposition, although this German majority element (as distinct from non-Germans who long to be quit forthwith) is well aware that the Russians must be kept out of Germany, and the Allied air fleets from working havoc throughout the Reich, or the game will indeed be up.

When that day comes this German Army will be faced by the further problem of retaining sufficient arms with which to take on Himmler's last-ditchers of the Waffen S.S., S.A., and the rest; and, in the meantime, the permeating hold which several hundred thousand of these marked Party criminals exercise throughout the Army is another reason why the latter is not as advanced towards dissolution as was its forerunner of November 1918.



THOUGHT FOR THE GERMAN SOLDIER PASSING THROUGH BERLIN BY NIGHT: A "night cabaret" has just been opened in the German capital for soldiers passing through on leave or bound for the front. "The best German actors and artists perform," says the German description accompanying the picture, "and the theatre is sponsored by the National Socialist Party in connection with the Army authorities." The Cabaret is open during the hours of 11 p.m. and 5 a.m.

ANOTHER GERMAN "SECRET WEAPON"—The "bomb screen" for Nazi Storm troops. According to the *Volkischer Beobachter*, German assault troops carry into action a new "secret defence weapon." Details of its purpose are lacking, but it consists of a metal trellis-basket and is used as a protection against hand grenades in close fighting



THE GREAT MOUNTAIN MASSIF OF MONTE MELITTO, WHICH PRESENTS A HUGE BASTION OF HILLS 4,000 TO 6,000 FT. IN HEIGHT, around which the Fifth and Eighth Armies had to force their way towards the north after the crossing of the River Volturno. This region was held in strength by the Germans, and everywhere the fighting was severe. The two chief battle areas are here indicated—*Drawing by Percy Home*

"ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME

—But, unfortunately, all the Roads are Mined"—
General Alexander

After the forcing of the Volturno River and the capture of the road junction at Vinchiaturo, both the Allied Armies operating in Italy found themselves faced by a towering mountain mass which proved to be an enemy bastion in the path of rapid movement towards the north. In this drawing the Monte Melitto massif is indicated by a darker tint. It will be noted that it is roughly a parallelogram running from S.E. to N.W.: the highest point is reached by Monte Melitto itself, which rises to well over 6,000 ft. Surrounding lesser peaks reach over 4,000 ft. No roads or railways cross this mountain group. One road skirts its southern flanks; it is into the valley which carries this road that the Fifth Army fought its way to Dragoni and Piedmonte d'Alife and Alife itself.

The two other positions are small places on a mountain road leading to an elevated mountain plateau and to Lake Matese, but to nothing else. It was along this valley that the Fifth Army continued its pressure. Other Fifth Army forces operating further to the west were moving slowly forward from point to point and village to village on the dike-seamed plain to the north of the Volturno. Some hillside villages were also captured. There were no records of fighting on the S.E. face of the massif. All seemed to be quiet between Benevento and Vinchiaturo.

It was from the Campobasso-Vinchiaturo area that the Eighth Army pushed N.W. Three mountain roads lead up to the villages of Baranello, Busso and Oratino. These isolated hill-forts were reported to overlook German positions within the valley running towards Isernia. The Allied thrust was into the mouth of this valley in the direction of Bojano. The road is a first-class motoring one and leads to Aquila and the north by way of Sulmona.

The Germans were reported to be holding the position on both sides of the massif with great tenacity. Their main defence line guarding the shore approaches to Rome was reported to run from Mondragone on the Tyrrhenian seashore along the Massico ridge to Venatro, passing Monte S. Groce, an extinct volcano. To reach this defence line, the Fifth Army was faced with the problem of digging the enemy out of forward positions on the Capuan plain.

On left—**MARCHING UP THE LENGTH OF ITALY. The story of fifty days—September 3 to October 23; Reggio to beyond the Volturno River—225 miles.—And what remains to be done—**
A Special Sphere *Map*

Rome is the objective of the Allies in Italy. General Alexander is the authority for this statement, made at a meeting between himself and Allied war correspondents at his Headquarters recently. "He who holds Rome, holds the heart of the Italian people," he declared. But—all the roads are mined; and that is the reason for the comparative slowness of the campaign. Yet, since the collapse of Mussolini, the Germans have been forced to send "not fewer than 35 to 40 divisions" to Italy and the Balkans: these men *might* have been sent to the Eastern Front but for our invasion of the mainland. Meanwhile, within the period of 50 days—from September 3 to October 23—the Fifth and Eighth Armies have not done too badly, despite General Alexander's reference to slowness! In the face of mines and demolitions and delaying actions, they have advanced 225 miles, taking all necessary equipment with them. And Rome is already within striking distance. Within this period the total Allied losses have been 15,000, most of them incurred round Salerno, where the German losses were quite as heavy as our own

HOW THE FIFTH ARMY CROSSED THE WIDE AND SWOLLEN RIVER in all manner of craft in bright moonlight—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The night of October 14-15 was lit by a bright moon. Just before zero hour, more than 500 artillery pieces of the Fifth Army opened up with a roar as they laid the barrage preceding the crossing. The British and American troops taking part met with their severest opposition since the Salerno landings. In all manner of craft, from rowing-boats and rafts to rubber dinghies and assault craft, our troops set off across the wide river in several different places and plunged forward up soft, muddy banks at the other side into the teeth of withering German machine-gun and mortar fire. At Capua the Germans had forestalled us by crossing the river to our side and hiding until the British troops had started to cross. They then raked our rafts and rubber boats with fire from both sides of the river, causing many of them to sink. In some sectors our soldiers waded across almost up to their necks

How the Volturno River Crossing was Forced

Impressions by Sphere *Artists of Scenes During the Toughest Fighting in Italy so Far*

With the passage of the Volturno, one of the principal obstacles on the road to Rome has been successfully surmounted by the Fifth Army. From descriptions of the attack, our artists have been able to depict some of the incidents during the battle, which was the severest yet experienced in Italy. The assault took place, in bright moonlight, on the night of October 14-15 after a heavy barrage laid down by 500 guns: by the early morning, bridgeheads had been successfully established on the north bank of the river; and shortly afterwards the whole of the enemy positions were in our hands, with the Germans retreating towards the dykes and marshes lying still farther to the north. The Volturno had been swollen by the autumn rains; but, just before the attack, the rain ceased, so that it was possible to secure a fair amount of mobility even away from the roads—thus enabling the Allied transport to operate in support of the assault troops

***Below*—AN AMERICAN-BUILT SHERMAN TANK, manned by British soldiers, fords the Volturno at Grazzanise under its own power**

DRESS REHEARSAL: Sappers experimenting with bridging equipment on the lake in the grounds of the Palace at Caserta. This Palace belongs to the Italian King: it lies just to the south of the river

HOW SUPPLIES WERE FERRIED ACROSS: A load of shells for the guns on the north bank being brought across by boat from the dumps established on the south bank before the opening of the attack

THE BULLDOZERS TRY TO CLEAR A PATH UP THE RIVER BANK FOR OUR TANKS, and four unknown American drivers died in the attempt. An incident, from the description of an eye-witness, during the battle of the Volturno River—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

"I watched the operation from an advanced observation post," wrote a war correspondent. "I saw four unknown Americans die heroes' deaths. At one river crossing it was necessary for a bulldozer to cut away a newly-won bank so that tanks could ford the river and go into operation on the other side. Within a few minutes of the first bulldozer getting to work, a German shell directed from a hill overlooking the river landed sufficiently close to blow the driver to pieces. I saw another man take his seat immediately, and the work proceeded until another shell destroyed him and the bulldozer. Within the next half hour two more bulldozers and their drivers were knocked out by the deadly accuracy of the enemy fire. The last one was hit just as it had pushed the last load of muddy soil aside, allowing for the passage of tanks. No fighting troops could have died more heroic deaths than those four bulldozer drivers." Throughout the campaign in Tunisia and Italy, the American-built bulldozers have played a very considerable part: as one eye-witness has said, in this war the bulldozer has become a weapon almost as important as the artillery. It is difficult to see how the infantry could continue to operate in hilly terrain without it, in view of the heavy demolitions which the enemy have everywhere carried out throughout the length of Southern Italy. The speed with which it can repair road damage is almost incredible.

HOW THE GUNS WERE DRAGGED UP THE STEEP BANKS OF THE RIVER in the light of dawn on October 15—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Under cover of our terrific barrage (during the course of which the new British 17-pounder was well in evidence), the troops of the Fifth Army pressed home their assault. By the first light of dawn, in every sector but one they were well and truly across the river. At the same time, infantry had crossed by boat and raft or by wading. The river is quite wide and, at this time of the year, quite deep. The banks rise up some 10 ft. or so, and landing places for the guns (and, later, for the tanks) had to be beaten out by Engineers. It is now known that before the real assault began, rehearsals had been carried out by the Royal Engineers to fit them for the arduous tasks ahead

PICTURES FROM ITALY

Scenes with the Allied Armies; and with the American Engineers who are Putting the City of Naples to Rights

THE "CO-BELLIGERENT" SPECTATORS WITH THE EIGHTH ARMY: The inhabitants of the small town of Canosa, near Foggia, watch the fighting from the hill-side on which the town is situated. The line of battle runs away to the right, and youths and young men have come out in their workaday attire to watch, with aloof detachment, British soldiers fight for their liberation from the German yoke. This picture is, indeed, a commentary on the curious state of affairs now existing in Italy!

ITALIAN CARABINIERI NOW WEAR BRITISH BATTLE-DRESS: These two native policemen are employed by a Fifth Army Brigade, who clothe and feed them. To distinguish them from our own soldiers, they still retain their Carabinieri caps. They assist the Allies to control civilians when fresh towns are taken over during the advance through Italy, and here they are seen on duty at a road-control point

THE ITALIAN FARMER BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH THE R.A.F. The farmer is exhibiting portraits of his two sons serving with the Italian Navy. His grandson is cracking almonds for the British officer, who was also given pomegranates and grapes for his journey

THE CROWD IN NAPLES WAITS FOR WHITE BREAD outside the first bakery in the city to use the white flour supplied by the Allied Armies for civilian needs

THE CIVILIANS INSIDE THE BAKERY eagerly buying the loaves as soon as the shop opens for business in Naples

BREAD MADE FROM WHITE FLOUR, which the Allies had rushed into Naples, is delivered to a local bakery for sale to the civilians

These three pictures show the care taken by the Fifth Army to supply the more urgent needs of the civilian population of Naples after our occupation of that city. Owing to the rapacity of the Germans, who had removed all foodstuffs before their retreat, the city was practically denuded. From the stores of the Allied Army, therefore, white flour was supplied for the making of bread. The response of the citizens was, as these pictures show, overwhelming

***On right*—TWO YUGOSLAV PRISONERS IN ITALY who have now joined the Allies.** About two and a half years ago, during the fighting in Yugoslavia, two young guerillas were taken prisoner by the Italians. They were removed from their country and put into prison camps, first at Ferramenti, near Cosenza, and then at Zibello, near Parma. When the invasion of Italy began, they made their way to the British lines, arriving at Division Headquarters on September 28. The two men are Albahary Marko, from Zagreb (on left), and Rafaslovic Roza, from Belgrade (on right). They were both very keen to join the Allied Army. Marko is the only living member of his family—his father, mother, two sisters and one brother were put to death by the Germans: he managed to escape, only to be captured by the Italians. The two men were released from internment after the Italian capitulation

AMERICAN SOLDIERS REPAIRING THE PUBLIC SERVICES IN NAPLES. This junction of water- and gas-mains had been mined by the Germans : it is here seen in course of repair by U.S. engineers

THE "CLARK SPECIAL" IN ACTION : American Army engineers use an Italian locomotive to clear wreckage and haul freight on the Naples waterfront. They have dubbed their engine the "General Mark Clark Special"

A GROUP OF ITALIAN WORKERS assist in the repair of damaged water- and gas-mains in the streets. The demolitions carried out by the Germans before their departure were very extensive and thorough : they included civilian installations as well as the more obvious military demolitions

U.S. TROOPS AT WORK straightening out twisted railroad tracks which were blasted in the Naples dockyards, where Allied bombing for months before our capture of the city had been heavy and protracted and accurate

RUSSIAN PRISONERS RELEASED BY THE ALLIES NORTH OF NAPLES. These two men said that they had been used by the Italians as Labour Corps personnel. They had Italian grenades in their pockets when they were located by our soldiers, and said that they used them against the Germans when they broke away from captivity. A German prisoner—one of a number—is seen in the truck on the left

ROCKALL, OCEAN ISLET OF MYSTERY, WHICH IS NOW IN THE PATH OF OUR NORTHERN NAVAL sirens of the destroyers as they sweep past on both sides disturb the thousands of birds which picture are British vessels of the famous Tribal

In the NORTH ATLANTIC and MEDITERRANEAN

The Work of the Royal Navy
Illustrated by Sphere Artists

TRANSPORT LIGHTERS FOR THE NAVY MADE AT ALEXANDRIA. On the beach at this great naval base a special type of naval lighter (a form of flat-bottomed barge) is now being constructed. The materials come from America, and the labour is mostly local. The lighters are made entirely of wood and canvas; each will carry some two hundred tons of valuable cargo

THE NAVY AT WORK IN THE ADRIATIC: The interception of Italian ships carrying supplies for the Germans—a recent incident in the ceaseless war by sea throughout the whole Mediterranean area
—Drawing by Wm. McDowell

"During Thursday night British destroyers operating in the Adriatic intercepted two Italian ships carrying German armed guards. One, laden with 500 tons of bauxite (the clay from which aluminium is extracted) was set on fire by the Germans and had to be sunk by our forces. The other, a medium-sized tanker, was captured and taken into harbour." This is a quotation from a recent communiqué made by Allied Forces Headquarters in North Africa. The drawing above shows the incident, and depicts the U.S. destroyer *Tumult* about to take on board the survivors of the vessel which had been set on fire. On the left is the Italian tanker, with the British destroyer *Ilex* standing by. *Tumult* is one of a number of small American vessels built during 1940-42. They have a displacement of 700 tons, are armed with two 5-in. guns and have a speed of 18 knots. *Ilex* is one of the Intrepid class, built in 1936-37: she has a displacement of 1,370 tons. Her speed is 36 knots

NORTH ATLANTIC PATROL—*A Special* Sphere *Drawing*

On left—Rockall is an islet which is little known to the general public, but which has become quite familiar to our naval and air patrols in the Atlantic. During a patrol by Coastal Command, in fact, the R.A.F. were able to carry out an unusual commission—observing and photographing the barren volcanic rock at the request of an ornithological society which desired details of the bird life on the island. Rockall is believed to be the only existing fragment of the lost Pale-Arctic Continent: it is barren and rocky, and is situated at about the centre of the Rockall Bank, which extends for about 60 miles, and some 200 miles to the west of North Uist, in the Hebrides. The islet is of coarse granite and is said to be highly magnetic: it is about 83 ft. in extent at the base, and has a circumference of about 100 yards, and a height of 70 ft. Its summit can only be ascended on the north-east side, but landing can seldom be effected even in the finest weather. The Rockall Bank on which it stands is a favourite spot for fishing-craft at certain seasons. Captain Basil Hall, R.N., refers to the island in his *Fragments of Voyages of Travels*, published in 1831. He relates how, when a Lieutenant in the frigate *Endymion* in the autumn of 1811, "a sail was reported, thought to be a brig with very white sails aloft, while those below were quite dark." On running closer, however, it was discovered to be a rock, white-capped through the occupation of countless numbers of sea-birds. A boat was put out, and a landing for examination was made. Being well out of the peacetime track of ships, Rockall is unlighted: but the Northern Patrol have probably learned to know it quite well during the present war!

The destroyers shown in the drawing are of the famous Tribal class. These are vessels of 1,870 tons, which carry a complement of 190. All of them were begun in 1936, launched in 1937 and completed in the years 1938-39. They have a length of 355 ft. and a beam of 36 ft.: their armament consists of six 4·7-in., two 4-in. and seven smaller guns. They are very speedy ships, capable of 36½ knots. The cost of each vessel of this class averaged £467,000 apiece

CONVOYS AND OF PATROLLING AIRCRAFT OF COASTAL COMMAND. The blasts from the have made the rocky island their home and breeding-place. The destroyers in this class—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THE "PELORUS SIGHT" ACTUALLY IN USE: A scene on the bridge of H.M.S. "Warspite" during a dummy attack by aircraft launched from the deck of the aircraft-carrier "Formidable" *(See also drawing below)*

On right—The "Pelorus Sight" is a device for taking a bearing. It is very old in principle, having been in use (in more primitive forms) for upwards of a century. The modern Sight is capable of giving a rapid and accurate bearing of another ship or even aircraft. The drawing and photograph on the right show how it is operated: it is attached to the gyro-compass repeater, and usually worked by an officer (shown in the drawing wearing anti-flash clothing). To the right, another officer is relaying the bearing to below, using a hand microphone.

The actual "Pelorus Sight" is, in essence, a metal arm which is fixed at an angle of 45 degrees to the body of the gyro-operated compass; this supports another arm extending horizontally, with a bracket bearing a special pair of binoculars through which the officer focuses on a vessel or plane. By means of a small reflector arm, the bearing given by the compass is read at the same time as the object is brought into focus. The officer steadies his shoulder against the Pelorus arm while taking the bearing. Two grips at the base of the arm enable the whole apparatus to be swung as desired.

The origin of the term "Pelorus" is interesting. In Greek mythology, Pelorus was the chief pilot of Hannibal's ship. Cape Pelorus, the north-eastern promontory of Sicily, is the burial-place of Pelorus, who, so the legend says, was killed by Hannibal in a fit of anger.

A SCENE ON THE BRIDGE OF A BRITISH DESTROYER DURING AN OCEAN CONVOY: An officer using the "Pelorus Sight" for taking a bearing *(See also photograph above and notes at left)*—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

SMALL ITALIAN CRAFT REACH HAIFA—AND SAFETY. Six small craft of the surrendered Italian Navy recently sailed into the harbour at Haifa. They consisted of a mine-sweeper, a torpedo-carrying trawler, a tug, and three armed trawlers. They were used in and around the Dodecanese, and they still carry their original armament. They were brought in to Haifa by their own crews. Two of the vessels are seen in this picture

The NAVY'S SMALLER SHIPS of WAR

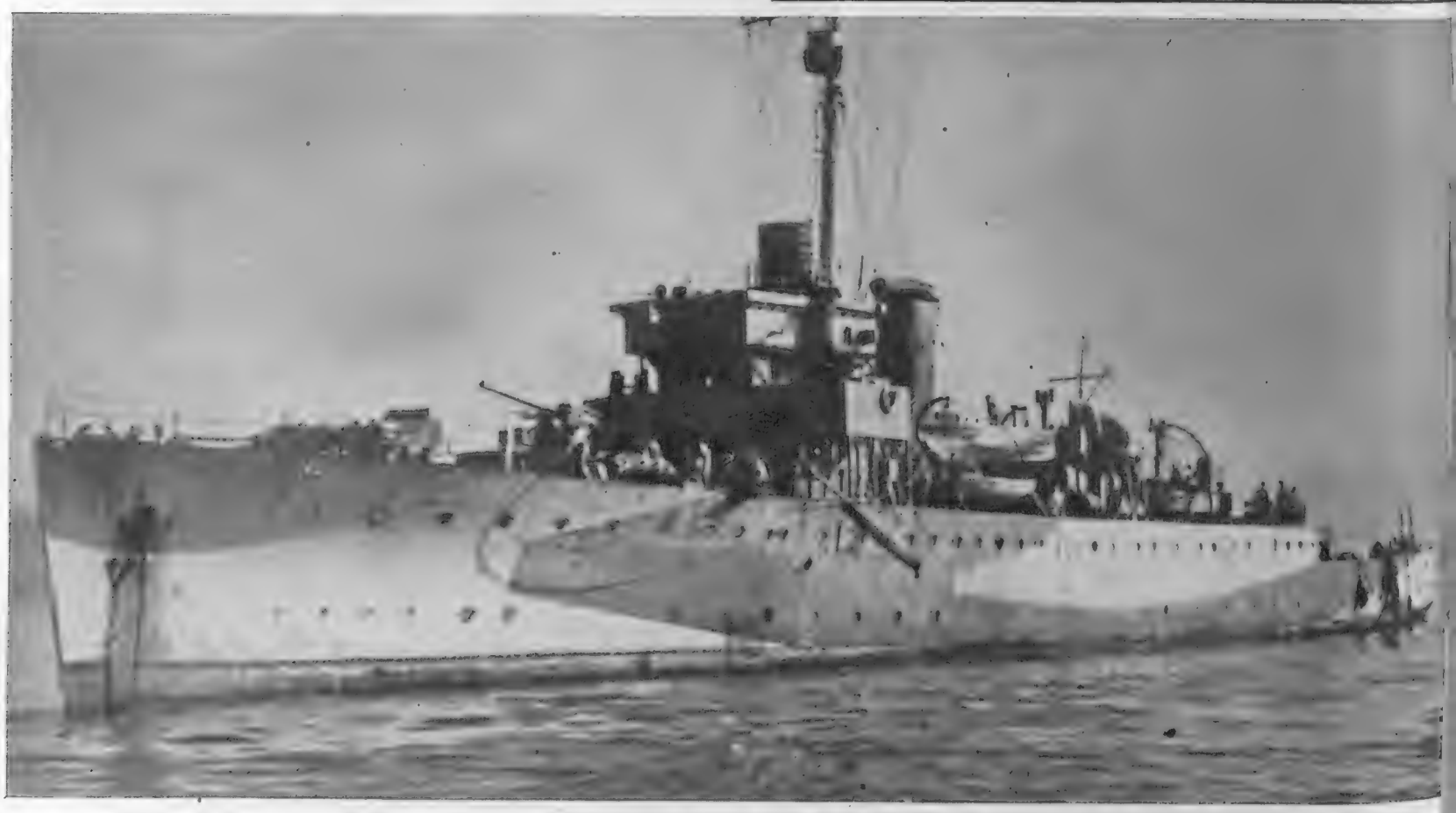
Studies of Some of the Fighting Vessels which have Done Good Work during the Struggle in Many Seas

Included in the complement of H.M.S. *Witch*, an eighteen-year-old destroyer, are more veterans than any other ship of her size in the Royal Navy, so it is claimed. Among the ratings are nineteen men who are more than forty years of age, the sum of their ages being 864 years. Yet they are still going to sea in an old destroyer, a type of warship which calls for good physical endurance.

During the present war, for which many of them returned from the enjoyment of the pensions they had earned in the Service, H.M.S. *Witch* has served in many waters. Of her ship's company, thirty-six have served in her since she was brought back from the reserve and re-commissioned in 1939. They have escorted convoys up the East Coast, through notorious "E-Boat Alley"; have worked on Atlantic convoy escort duty; and performed similar duties off the eastern seaboard of North America and in the South Atlantic. They were in the Norwegian campaign, and helped to evacuate part of the B.E.F. from St. Nazaire. No spectacular triumph has been their share, only hard, slogging duty with plenty of sea time.

One thing of which the ship is very proud is a letter from Colonel Frank Knox, U.S. Secretary of the Navy, thanking the ship's company for the rescue of the crew of an American merchantman by a feat of brilliant seamanship off the American coast eighteen months ago.

H.M.S. *Witch* is a vessel of 1,140 tons: she was begun in June 1918; launched in November 1919; and completed in March 1924. She is easily distinguishable by her big, flat-sided fore-funnel, set well aft of the bridge; the funnels are nearly equal in height; and her hull stands high out of the water. She is armed with four 4·7-in. guns, two 2-pounder pom-poms, and some smaller weapons. Her speed is 32 knots, and her total complement 134 officers and men. The vessel has been adopted by Northwich, in Cheshire, a plaque from which is proudly displayed in the wardroom



A STUDY OF A BRITISH DESTROYER WITH A FINE RECORD OF SERVICE DURING THE PRESENT WAR: H.M.S. "Witch," of the Modified W class, which claims to have more veterans serving aboard her than any other ship of her size in the Royal Navy. This is an artist's impression of this eighteen-year-old warship passing a gas-buoy during one of her many patrols round British shores—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

On left—**HOME AFTER FIVE YEARS: H.M.S. "Bridgewater," the oldest sloop of her type in the Royal Navy.** This vessel has just returned to Britain from West Africa, after having steamed more than 200,000 miles since the outbreak of war; she proudly claims that not once have mechanical defects prevented her from sailing on time. Her record compares favourably with the long distances claimed by many destroyers, which generally steam at an average speed of 20 knots compared with the *Bridgewater's* average of 12 knots. This achievement is a proud tribute to the work of her engineers, who, for most of the time, have worked in a temperature of over 120 degrees.

A letter of congratulation has been sent to the ship from the Flag Officer Commanding West Africa. It states that while in the West Africa Command, the *Bridgewater* "has called for the minimum of assistance from the depot ship, and there has never been an occasion on which her time of sailing has had to be postponed on account of defect or failure of machinery or armament."

Built on the Tyne in 1928, by Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie and Co., Ltd., H.M.S. *Bridgewater* spent her early days on the China Station, but for about nine years, and since the beginning of the war, she has been based on West Africa, doing convoy and escort work. Only twice since 1939 has she been home, and in the last twelve months has visited such places as Freetown, Dakar, Trinidad, Lagos, Bathurst, Takoradi and Pernambuco.

H.M.S. *Bridgewater* is an escort-class sloop of 1,045 tons: she was launched in September 1928, and completed in March 1929. She is armed with two 4-in. anti-aircraft guns, and other smaller weapons. Her speed is 16½ knots, and she carries a complement of one hundred officers and men

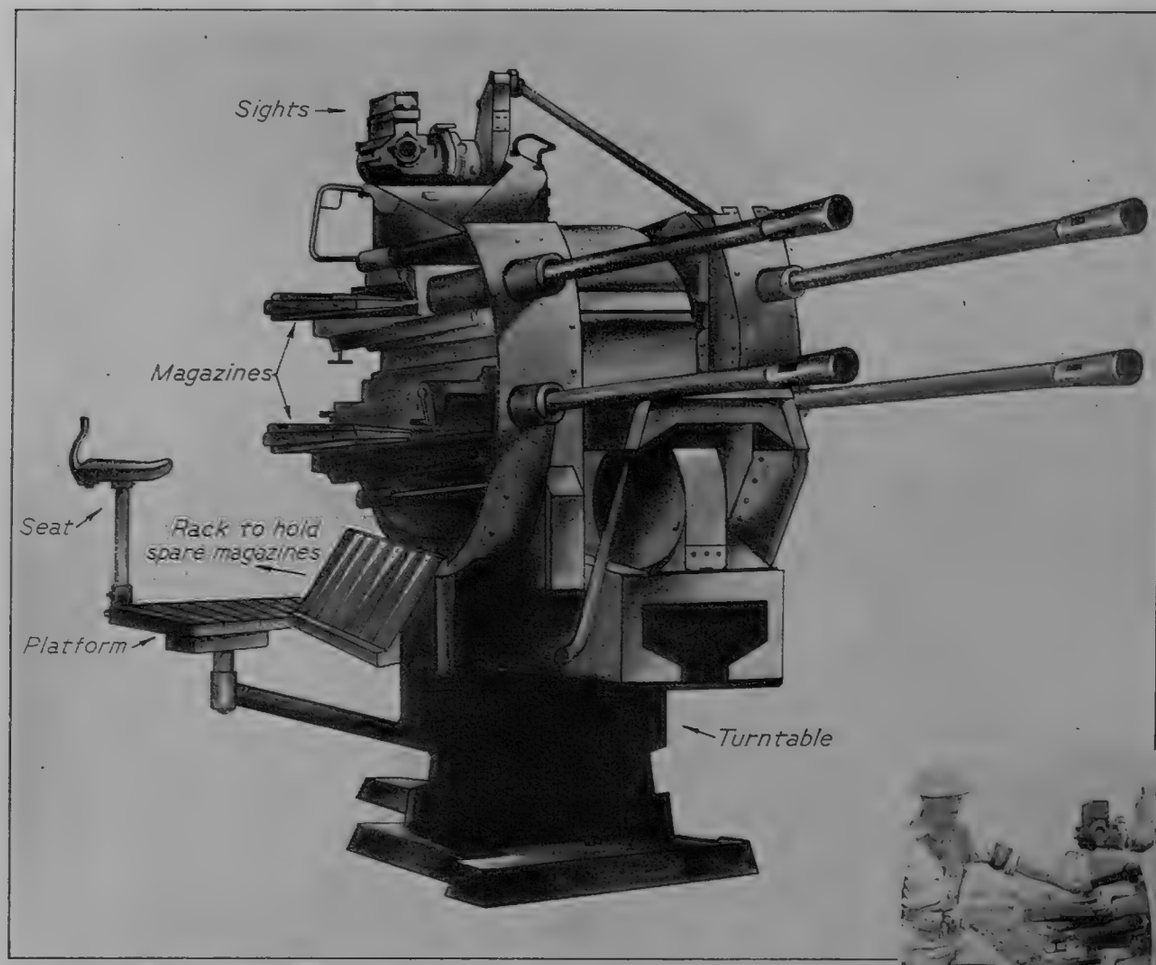
ONE OF THE LITTLE SHIPS OF THE NAVY WHICH KEEP THE SEAWAYS CLEAR OF MINES: H.M.S. *Eastbourne* is one of the numerous Bangor class of Fleet Minesweepers, built mainly in Canadian shipyards. These are 750-ton vessels, which carry a complement of sixty: they are 180 ft. in length, and have a speed of 16 knots. Twenty of this class were built under the 1939 Estimates and were intended to replace older vessels: according to all accounts, the Bangor class has proved an exceedingly useful type, both for minesweeping and anti-submarine escort duties

GUNS—

British and German

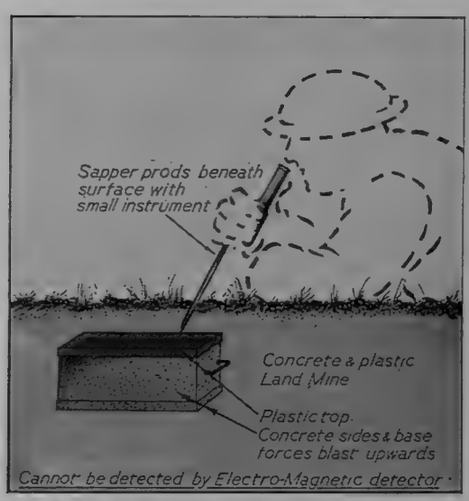
Drawings and Notes Dealing with Some New Types now in Action

With a Chapter on the Development of the Land-Mine

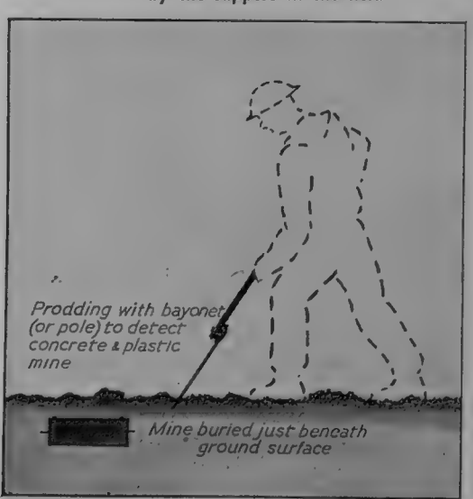


THE BATTLE OF THE BARRELS: A German four-barrelled weapon which was captured by the Fifth Army near the aerodrome at Salerno: it is of 20-mm. calibre, and was turned against the enemy by our men after its capture intact—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

THIS IS THE GUN seen in position on the edge of the aerodrome. A full description of it is given in the notes herewith



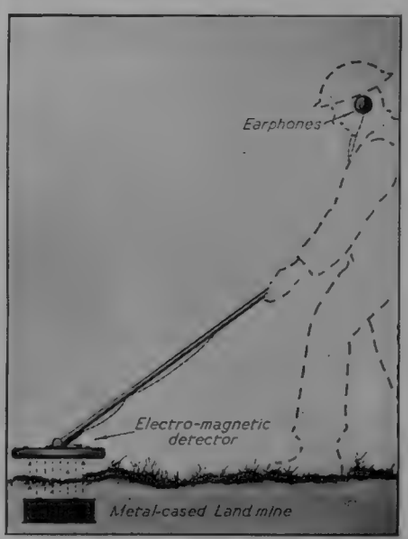
THE NEW NAZI "PLASTIC" LAND-MINE. A drawing showing its construction and how it is detected by the sappers in the field



THE MINE IS BURIED JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE and cannot be detected by the electro-magnet detector used up to the present, but has to be sought for by bayonet or pole

"The latest development in the battle for the barrels" might be a good description of this drawing and photograph, which show a German anti-aircraft gun recently captured in Italy. Coming under the heading of "light flak," the weapon consists of four 20-mm. guns mounted together on a single structure. But its effect can be imagined when it is considered that a single 20-mm. piece has been officially described by the Germans as capable of firing about 160 rounds a minute up to 7,000 ft. The weapon is "one" gun in the sense that a single traversing and elevating gear shifts all the barrels simultaneously, based on a kind of large steel ring in the centre; but it is also "four" in that each barrel fires separately, has its own sights and recuperating gear, and its own operator. Firing is always linked—that is to say, the barrels discharge one after the other in synchronised order—but it is believed that one man can fire all the barrels simultaneously by using an electrical device. In most of these senses, there is a resemblance between the German weapon and our own naval "pom-poms" of the larger type (save that the "pom-poms" are water-cooled and should be less prone to become over-heated), and the mechanism probably has affinities with that of our latest two-barrelled, coastal-defence guns. The German piece is however, distinctively German, and might resemble a number of Bofors guns joined together more than anything else. Then that circular elevating gear, to which reference has been made, is so devised that all four barrels can be swiftly lowered for devastating use as ordinary field or anti-tank artillery. Without a close examination of such a gun, it is impossible to pronounce accurately upon it, but its principal handicap would appear to be the great wear and tear on barrels, recuperating gear, mounting and gunners alike.

Speaking, however, of that "battle of the barrels," it is interesting to note how the multi-barrel idea has developed during this war. At the beginning there were several multi-barrelled machine-guns in use (our naval variety, and those models so often captured from the Russians by the Finns). When it was revealed that artillery still ruled the battlefield, designers apparently turned at once to the problem of increasing fire-power without making guns so heavy as to be unwieldy. Our own work with many-barrelled guns is partly known, and probably much remains secret

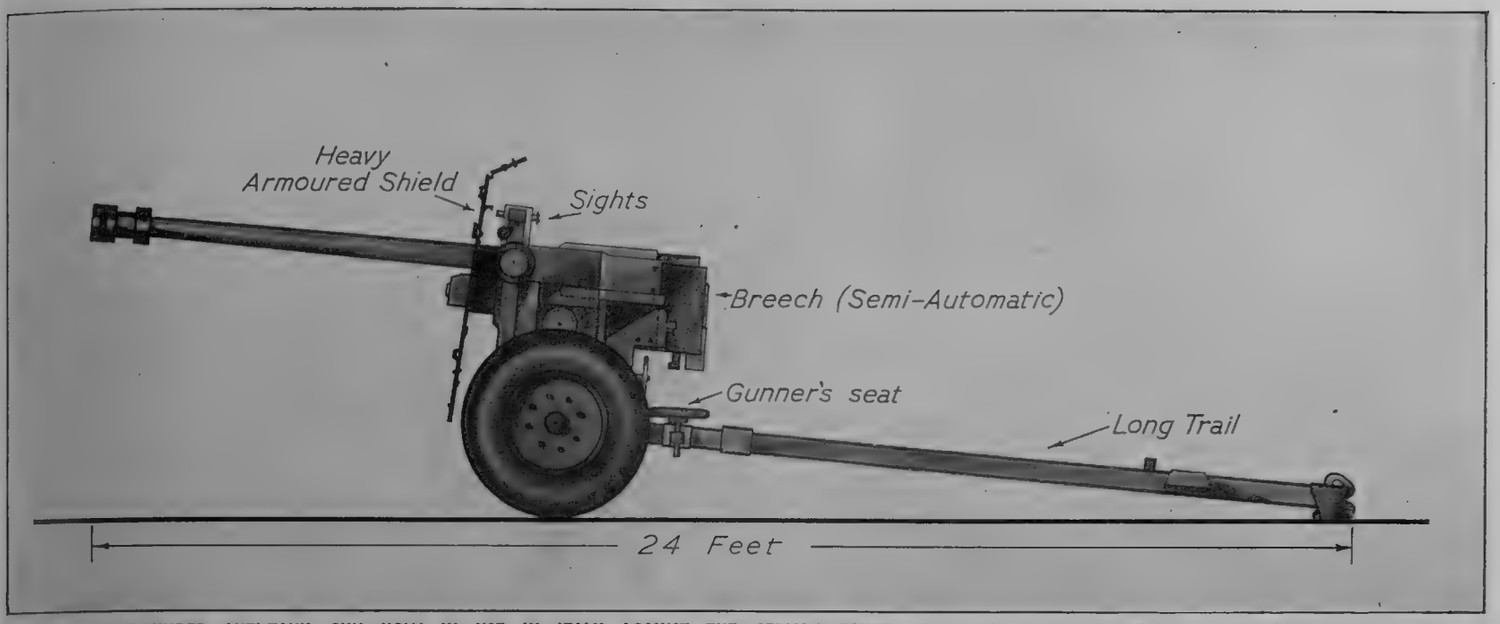


THIS IS THE OLD-TYPE METAL-CASED MINE: It is located by a special electrical device

—*Three Drawings by B. C. Wood*

The ordinary land-mine of the Germans has had a long run since its first employment on a large scale in the early days of the Libyan campaign. At Salerno, it was discovered that the Nazis are now using a new type—the "plastic" mine, made largely of plastic materials and concrete. The object of this is to make them impossible of detection by the method hitherto employed—by electro-magnet. The new type has a plastic cover: the sides and base are of concrete. The idea is that the latter will force the blast upwards when the mine is exploded. At Salerno, it is stated that our troops were held up owing to the necessity for prodding the ground with rods and bayonets to find these non-metallic objects. The drawings reproduced here indicate the general appearance of the new mines and the method of their location, compared with the former electro-magnet employed by the sappers

BRITAIN'S 6-IN. COASTAL GUN: A picture taken near Bizerta, in North Africa, showing the weapon in action. This big gun will hurl a 100-lb. shell a distance of over 20,000 yards: it is 20 ft. long, and weighs over 12 tons. It is capable of an elevation of 45 degrees



THE NEW 17-POUNDER ANTI-TANK GUN NOW IN USE IN ITALY AGAINST THE GERMAN TANKS: It can knock out heavily-armoured vehicles at ranges up to 1,000 yards and is considered to be the complete answer to the enemy's Mark VI "Tiger"—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

MORE ABOUT THE NEW BRITISH 17-POUNDER GUN

This profile drawing shows the salient points of a new British weapon, whose existence was only revealed a few weeks ago after it had been tested in the Western Desert and in North Africa.

It is now being used against the Germans in Italy. The new anti-tank gun was first planned in 1941: at that time we had a 2-pounder and a 6-pounder; both these were a match for all the existing German tanks, but the experts deduced that the enemy would pin his faith on very heavy armour and big guns, and made their plans accordingly.

Certain features immediately attract the attention of the expert Most conspicuous is the resemblance of the piece to its two predecessors, the 2-pounder and the 6-pounder. It has the same long, thin barrel, armoured shield, small wheels and lengthy trail. Obviously, our designers have considered it inadvisable to alter the basic pattern of the British anti-tank gun in this war. It may be presumed, since the new weapon is built along the same lines, that it will require the same crew of five men (three at a pinch), which was necessary for the others, although possibly the more complex mechanism has made a sixth man necessary.

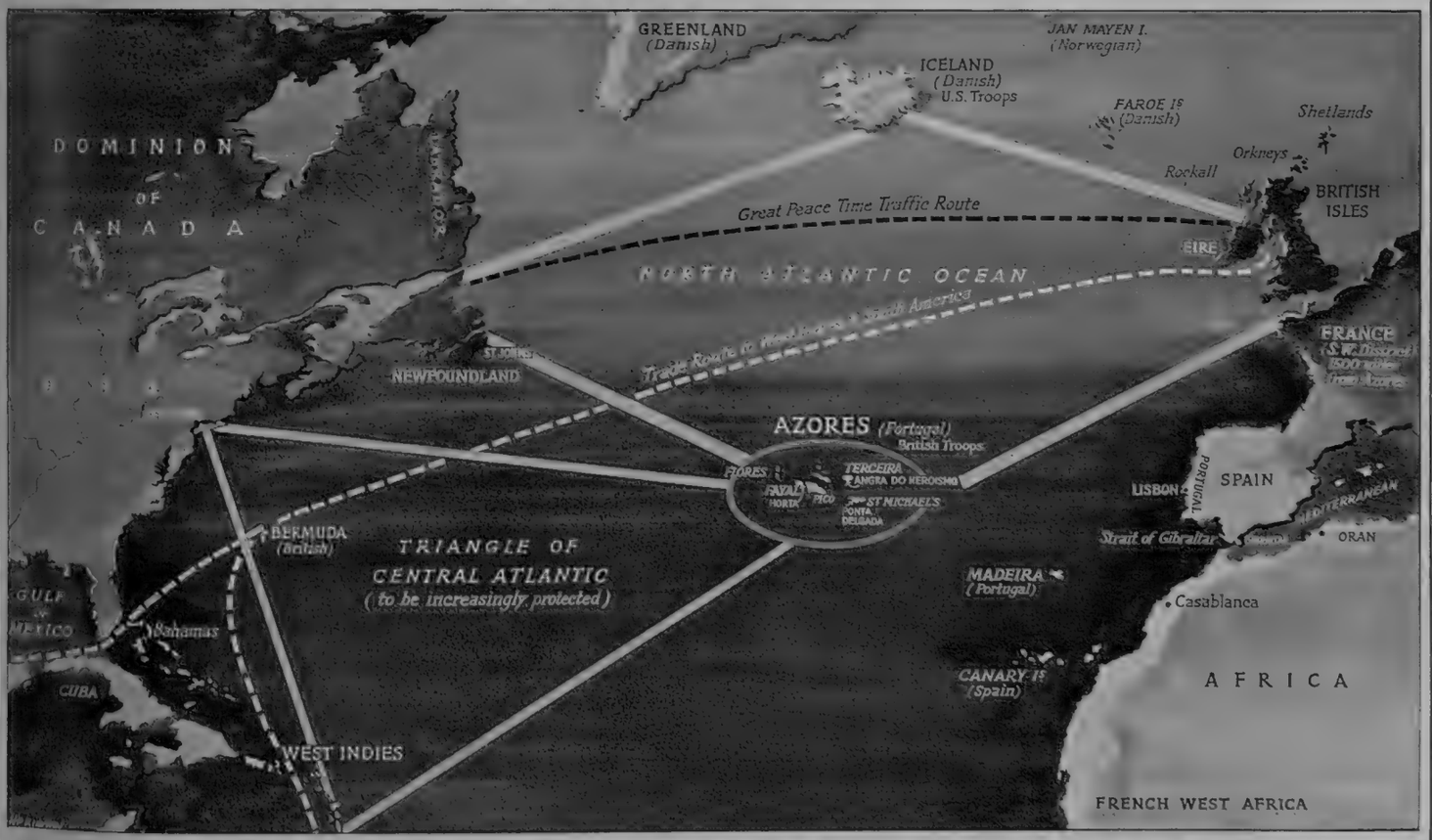
The performance of the gun cannot be discussed yet. The only point that arises immediately is whether its range will in all cases be sufficient. An official statement has said that the gun "can be trusted to knock out the most heavily armoured enemy tanks at any range up to 1,000 yards." A wider range might perhaps have been hoped for, and it might have been thought that our latest anti-tank gun would have been mounted on a self-propelled carriage. But the advance from 6-pounder to 17-pounder so suddenly may prove a very good augury for further advances!

The gun measures just over 24 ft. from muzzle to the end of the trail. It has a semi-automatic breech action which makes it possible to maintain a very high rate of fire. The trail is split, giving a wide traverse. It is fitted with a muzzle "brake," which absorbs much of the recoil and stabilises the carriage. It fires "fixed" ammunition, shell and the cartridge being fitted together as with a rifle cartridge and bullet.

In defence, its range allows it to be sited further back or "defiladed" further to a flank, and thus to spring a surprise on enemy tanks. Reports already speak of its "astonishing accuracy," and refer to it as "a magnificent tank killer."

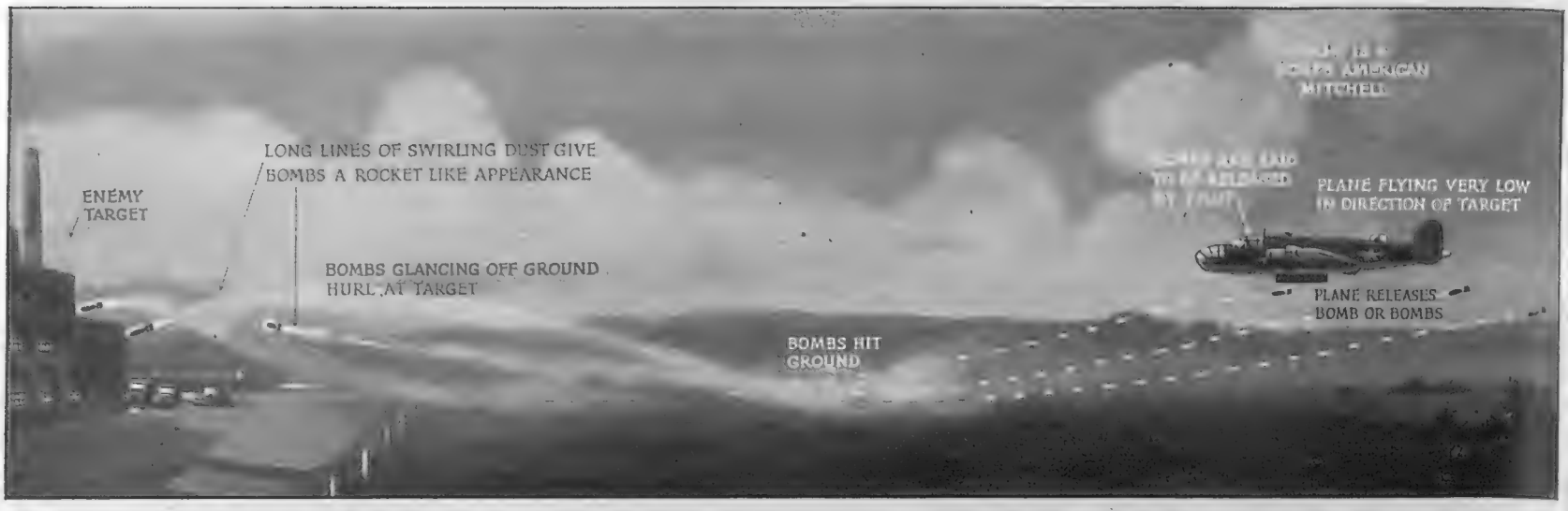
In the ordinary way, it would take two years to produce the gun from the time the designs were finished. The first 17-pounder was actually produced in five months

THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF THE AZORES: A New Diagram-Drawing

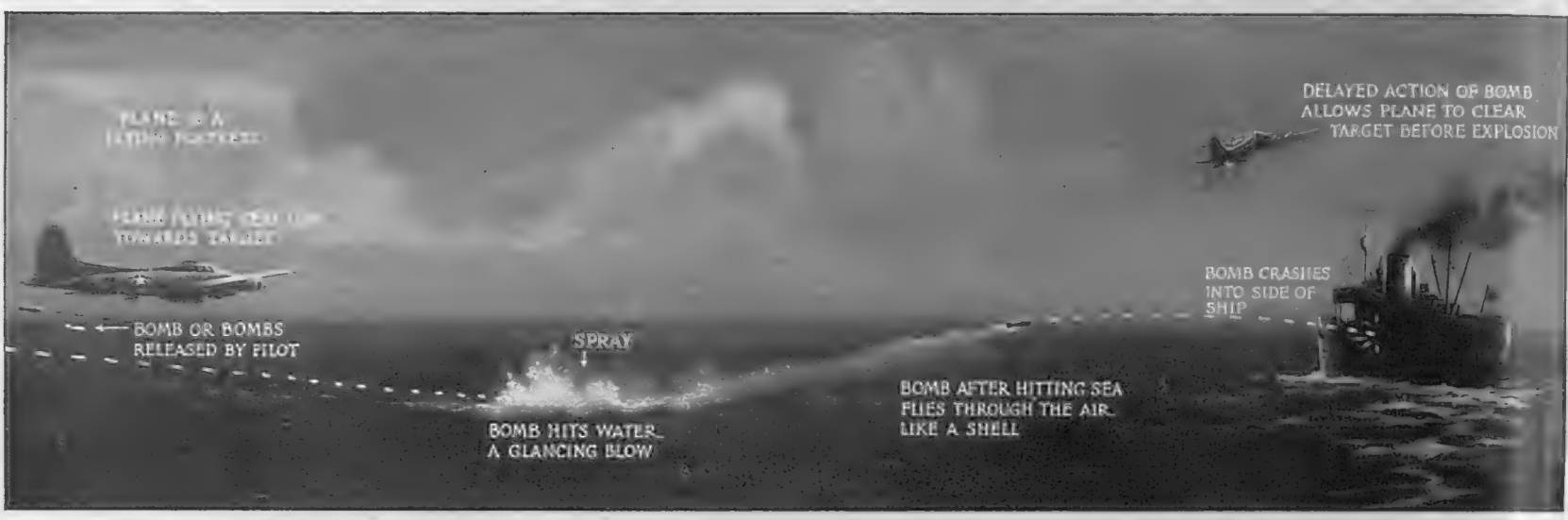


THE IMMEDIATE EFFECT OF THE OCCUPATION OF AIR AND SEA BASES IN THE AZORES—The Northern Parallelogram which will now be covered by Allied aircraft and warships based on the islands; and the Central Atlantic Triangle which will be increasingly protected against the German U-boats—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

The Prime Minister recently stated that the facilities we are to receive from the Portuguese in the Azores "will enable better protection to be provided for the merchant shipping in the Atlantic." It is not improbable that this is a considerable understatement! Many people look forward in the near future to the eradication of the U-boat as the result of the benefits which will accrue when the islands are in full use as fuelling and operating bases for the escort forces—both naval and air—of the Allied convoys. Their use as such will probably enable full-scale convoy escorts to be provided over a much greater area of the North Atlantic than has hitherto been possible without going far to the north towards Iceland and Greenland—which should be a great advantage in winter. It will be of particular advantage to traffic bound from the United Kingdom to the South Atlantic and to the Mediterranean, thus filling a "gap" which has hitherto been covered only with difficulty. In addition to the Northern Parallelogram indicated in the above drawing, the Azores provide a base from which air patrols and fast light craft can cover what, up to now, have been the most dangerous areas of the Atlantic—the 2,000,000 square miles of sea lying midway between the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean in the west, and North-West Africa and Spain in the east—which is described in the above drawing as the "Triangle of the Central Atlantic."



SKIP-BOMBING, THE NEW METHOD WHICH HAS SUPPLANTED DIVE-BOMBING IN LOW-LEVEL ATTACKS made by the Americans and Australians. When using this method, the bombs are released by the pilot and not by the bomb-aimer: they hit the ground, bounce upwards and then strike the target from the side instead of from the top. When the bombs stop skipping, the building blows up!—*Drawing by Roland Davies*



SKIP-BOMBING. THE BOMB ACTS LIKE A FLAT STONE TOSSED ALONG THE SURFACE OF THE WATER: As it strikes the sea it hurtles forward like a shell and crashes into the side of the ship. The plane must be flying very low to adopt this method of bombing. Some pilots are reported to have acquired an amazing facility in this newest art—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

NEW DEVELOPMENTS in the WAR in the AIR

"Skip-Bombing" as a New Technique; and Lightnings and Marauders in Action Over Europe

American and Australian pilots in the South-West Pacific have been responsible for the latest development in low-level bombing. This is "skip-bombing," carried out in the manner illustrated.

Anyone who has tossed a flat stone across the surface of a pond has seen how this method operates. The important difference is that when the stone has stopped, it sinks. When the bombs have stopped skipping the ship sinks! Very little has been said hitherto of this new form of attack beyond a vague reference to the new technique. Only once has skip-bombing been mentioned in official communiques from General MacArthur's headquarters; precise details of the mechanics of skip-bombing have been, and must remain, a secret, but the Japs have already seen enough of its deadly effects to realise that a new menace now faces their shipping. A few months ago a Flying Fortress swooped down almost to water-level in Rabaul Harbour and loosed two bombs which skidded across the surface and crashed into the side of a Jap freighter. By the time the tail of the Fortress cleared the mast, the ship was beginning to sink. That was the first "laboratory test" of skip-bombing in the South-West Pacific.

Rapidly, skip-bombing caught on. An old hulk off Moresby Harbour became a shooting gallery, and every day the technique was improved upon. The advantage of swooping right down on the target in thick weather was obvious. The bombs may skip across the water and crash directly into the side of the ship. They may land on the deck. They may go a little deeper and explode depth-charge fashion; or they may skip right over the ship and explode on the other side and sink the vessel with a near miss. Coming in to attack at super-low levels, the bombers present only the smallest target to the Jap A.-A. gunners.

In skip-bombing, incidentally, the sighting is usually done by the pilot rather than by the bomb-aimer, the whole aircraft being lined up on the target.

THE LIGHTNING—long-range escort-fighter—is now operating from bases in Britain. Captain Mark K. Shipman, an American pilot who previously operated in North Africa, is here setting out for a flight. He has flown 53 operational flights, totalling 122 combat hours, and has shot down two enemy aircraft. He holds the Air Medal with two clusters and the D.F.C. with three clusters. It has only just been revealed that the Lightning P-38, which was used in many capacities throughout the Pacific and North African campaigns—as fighter, fighter-bomber, for photo-reconnaissance and for strafing—is now operating from bases in this country. A few days ago, on October 24, Lightnings acted as long-range escorts for Marauders when they made their deepest penetration into Europe to raid airfields at St. Andre de L'Eure, only 40 miles from Paris

THE PILOT'S CABIN ON THE LIGHTNING is set between the two 1,150-h.p. 12-cylinder Allison engines. It accommodates the pilot only

A DRAMATIC FLYING INCIDENT OFF THE ROCKY SARDINIAN COAST: The crew of a Wellington bomber forced down into the sea are rescued from their frail dinghy by an Italian lighthouse-keeper and his twelve-year-old daughter—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Wellington, of which these men formed the crew, had been forced to "ditch" after its bombs had destroyed a warehouse at Bastia, the Corsican port which the Germans were then using before they were forced out of the island by Fighting French forces. On setting course for home the pilot looked at his petrol gauge—to find that he had only a few gallons left, and those were quickly draining away. "The tanks had been hit by flak," said the sergeant-pilot, "so we made for Maritime Island, off the south-east coast of Sardinia, with what we had left. Soon we sighted the island and both engines cut." The pilot made a descent into a rough sea only a few miles from the island, but the wind was blowing offshore and it took the crew two and a half hours to paddle to the island. The sea was full of rocks and their dinghy was badly holed by the time they arrived near the beach. The Italian lighthouse-keeper and his daughter came running down to help, and it soon seemed that the whole population was around to shake the hands of the crew!

A DIFFERENT "DUNKIRK": These Marauder bombers are just over the French Channel port on their way home after having bombed an enemy-held aerodrome. Note the flak bursting just above and below the centre aircraft

The Marauder is comparatively new to the European theatre of war, but it has already made its mark—in more senses than one! It is a twin-engined medium bomber, which carries a crew of five and which is now being operated by the U.S. Army and Navy and by the R.A.F. In daylight raids over enemy-occupied Europe, in particular, it has proved highly successful. The Marauder has a good speed, plenty of armament and above-average bomb-load. They have raided enemy airfields and installations with good effect; in their first thirty raids, only four of them failed to return! They attack at both low and medium altitudes, and they have already come to be a plague to the Germans in the "Fortress Europa"

ALLIED AIR OPERATIONS IN ITALY

How Attacks are Planned at Short Notice, in Improvised Operations Rooms, in Support of the Land Forces

The "briefing" of home-based air crews is naturally a fairly leisurely business, and on really big jobs the preparatory time may run into days or weeks, as with the German dams and the Ploesti refineries. But in the field, as in Italy at present, "briefing" has to be a much more impromptu affair. For the Tactical Air Force (using the lighter machines) a raid may be improvised and carried out within twenty minutes or so of a request being received from forward troops. Even the heavier machines of the Strategic Force are likely to be switched from attacks on Italian transport or industry to points of unexpected resistance on the battle-front at a few hours' notice.

How is the trick done? Most important of all is the device known as the bomb-line. On the maps of the Italian front in all operations rooms in Italy runs a vivid yellow line, the position of which is checked hour by hour. Within a certain margin of this, our aircraft will not normally bomb. This arrangement averts the danger of the Allied Air Forces "shooting short," as the artillery was not infrequently accused of doing in World War I. There are actually two bomb-lines, and the final safety margin can be adjusted as required. What the irreducible margin is cannot be stated, but there have been plenty of occasions when our troops have seen our bombs landing on targets much less than a quarter of a mile ahead.

THE FIGHTER-PILOT TURNED TAILOR. Flying Officer J. A. C. Campbell, serving with a Spitfire Squadron at a forward airfield in Italy, has a one-man sewing-bee outside his tent in the Squadron's orchard camp. A branch of a tree is the wardrobe for his "best blue"

The locally available forces of the Tactical Air Force naturally work from aerodromes as close as possible to the front line—occasionally even within artillery range of the enemy. Between these forward airfields and the front line is a sort of portable "operations room" which is in contact by radio with both the forward troops and the forward airfields. Along this line pass the demands for help from the troops, who may have met unexpected enemy concentrations or awkwardly sited artillery. Time is the essence of the situation here; the flying distance between airfield and target is naturally short, and the "briefing" will probably resolve itself into little more than a map reference and the nature of the target. That important figure of home "ops"—the meteorological officer—hardly comes in here, because within the range of local "ops" the weather over the flying field and the weather over the target are likely to be much the same. Many an advanced "ops room" is simply a tiled cart-shed on the edge of a newly made airfield.

"BRIEFING" ON THE BATTLE-FRONT: THE OPERATIONS ROOM OF AN AUSTRALIAN transport and shipping: melons may be seen ripening on the wall on the right; of the way in which the R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. worked during the Sicily campaign and, later, on the Italian mainland

Operations rooms, of which naturally there are a considerable number, grow in size and complexity as they leave the front line farther behind, until, in the rear, they resemble home-based "ops rooms" very completely. The most forward "ops rooms" will be dealing with small numbers of machines of the "close support" type—fighters, Kittybombers, Invaders—all of broadly similar range and carrying power. The larger "ops rooms" will be dealing with every type of machine: fighters, Beaufighters, Marauders, B-24's and British heavy bombers.

Naturally, the most complicated "ops room" is that of the Air Command Post at Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder's H.Q. Here are a lavish series of large-scale maps of the Italian front, with the ever-present "bomb-line" vividly denoted. The location of both our own and the enemy's ground and air forces is indicated by coloured symbols for divisions and brigades, wings and squadrons. On adjoining maps can be seen the distribution of the machines of both our air arms, their local strength, range and current duties. Mediterranean Coastal Command forces are also represented here, but this force, which is under Air Vice-Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd, naturally has its own "ops rooms" to deal with its own peculiar problems. The two "ops" on which those of our air forces who have been operating in Italy most pride themselves are, undoubtedly first, the restoration of the situation at Salerno, where the enemy had the benefit of long-prepared, automatically-controlled, artillery and machine-gun batteries, and heavy armoured columns. The second was the complete obliteration of Battipaglia and Eboli, important transport centres known to be full of German forces destined for very early use against us. The damage done when our air forces had completed their action has probably never been exceeded even in Europe.

—Patrick Hamilton

***On left*—HOW THE ITALIANS ARE TOLD THE TRUTH. Three Italian planes have dropped leaflets over Rome within recent days. They were loaded up at an aerodrome recently taken over by the R.A.F. This picture shows how the leaflets were packed—between the flaps and the wings of the aircraft: they were released during flight by lowering the flaps over the "target area"**

KITTYBOMBER SQUADRON IN A BARN ON THE EDGE OF AN AIRFIELD IN THE ITALIAN THEATRE OF WAR. In this barn, pilots were "briefed" for attacks on enemy in the foreground is a machine brought by a despatch-rider right into the room. The barn was right "up in the line" when the picture was taken—typical

A SAVOIA BOMBER, DRAPED WITH AN AUSTRALIAN FLAG AND THE UNION JACK, SERVES AS THE BACKGROUND OF AN ALTAR at a Church of England service held at the door of a hangar on a captured airfield in Southern Italy. Airmen from Britain and from the Dominions, serving with the "Shark" Kittybomber Squadron, made up the congregation. A fiddler played the hymn tunes on his violin during the service, and Prince, the Squadron mascot, joined the congregation. (Prince is an Alsatian who has been with the Squadron for nearly four years)

The MEN who BUILD the BRIDGES

And who Carry Out a Host of other Duties for the Armies in the Field—The Royal Engineers

By CHARLES GRAVES

JUST as the R.N. has earned the title of the Silent Service, so the R.E. can be regarded as the most taciturn of the various Corps in the British Army. Whether this reputation is desirable or not must be a matter of opinion. It is all very fine for professional senior officers to congratulate themselves on their deliberate avoidance of encouraging troops under their command to receive more than a minimum proportion of the credit for successful operations, leaving the lion's share to the younger Corps like R.E.M.E. and the Royal Signals; but it is a trifle hard on the junior officers and men who have joined up for the duration to find their lights kept so consistently under a bushel that their relatives have no idea of what stout work they are doing.

Apart from this, though as a direct result of it, the general public has a highly erroneous notion of the role of the Royal Engineers in wartime. The few photographs now shown of Sappers are nearly always of those immensely courageous men detecting, disarming and lifting enemy mines—a corollary to the R.E. bomb disposal squads who deservedly earned so many George Crosses during the 1940-41 blitz on Britain. No wonder there exists the complete misconception that the R.E. are not engineers—and very technical engineers at that.

In consequence of which, the young entry at the universities and other institutions are encouraged to go to R.E.M.E., for example, on the theory that this is a mechanical age and Sappers are only mine-lifters. The truth is that the R.E. require the very best type of young engineer for: (1) airborne Sapper units; (2) assault squadrons; (3) field units with infantry and armoured divisions; (4) airfields construction groups; (5) C.R.E.s Commands at Corps and Army; (6) artisan works companies, and electrical and mechanical companies (nothing to do with R.E.M.E., which is really—in the opinion of the R.E.—a servicing agency); (7) works organisations.

To take them in this order, the airborne Sappers need acute technical engineering knowledge in addition to fighting ability and fitness. It is their business either to create chaos in advance of the infantry as swiftly and efficiently as possible, or to forestall the enemy and prevent him from blowing up bridges, laying minefields, and destroying the water supplies which are so particularly vital in Italy. They have to know exactly where to go if confronted with a problem of either destroying or protecting power stations, pumping systems and the like, for in addition to all their demolition equipment, they carry infantry weapons and fight as infantry when necessary. The fact that the proportion of officers to men in these units is particularly high is in itself adequate proof of the need of the highest technical qualifications as well as of courage among the personnel generally.

Many people will remember the grim story of our paratroops, who fought a particularly bloody and confused battle in the early stages of the Sicilian campaign against German paratroops, to control a vital bridge which we wanted intact and the enemy wanted to destroy. In the course of it a high percentage of our equipment dropped by parachute fell into enemy hands, and *vice versa*. It says much for the ingenuity of the Sappers, for it was the self-same airborne Sappers—generally described at the time as parachute troops—who were up to their necks in this engagement, that they won the day and saved the bridge, although German military equipment is not as good as ours. These airborne Sapper officers also have to do preliminary reconnaissances at lightning speed. This also means being technical as well as gallant. It is their job to lay the foundation of bigger engineering works; and the heavier the engineering the longer it takes. Hence the vital need of speed. No wonder the R.E. wants more of the Brigadier Wingate type for immediate appreciation of situations and instantaneous action thereafter.

We next come to the assault squadrons. The C.R.E.s of assault groups often control more tanks than a regimental commander in an armoured formation. Their special job is to demolish elaborate fortifications, minefields, concrete walls, anti-tank ditches, pill-boxes, booby-traps and anything else the enemy can put in our way. Mine-lifting is an operation of all arms, like river-crossing. The infantry have to make a bridgehead before the Sappers can undertake the laborious and dangerous job of disarming anti-tank mines, anti-personnel mines and booby-traps. The latter become more diabolic every day. Mines are less and less easy to detect; casualties are proportionately high. The Germans will invent a new fuse; we discover this. They invent another, and so the grim game of technical development and counter-measures continues. In the desert, mines were laid in belts; in Europe they are laid in roads and the approaches to them. It was, incidentally, the first sign of the German deterioration in Tunisia that they laid their mines indiscriminately. This showed that they had no intention of advancing again, as they themselves would have been unable to locate the actual mines.

Normally, of course, mines are laid in a careful pattern so that the troops who have laid them can advance through them without casualties if they go over to the counter-attack. Everyone has seen photographs of Sappers with what look like warming-pans. These are mine-detectors and contain an electrical coil apparatus similar to a wireless set which gives out a buzzing or howling reaction when in the proximity of any metal. This metal, particularly in the desert, is presumably an enemy mine, but can be any piece of old iron which is either lying there accidentally or has been put there on purpose by the enemy to hamper the work of the mine-lifters. Normally the mine-lifters work in teams of eight. The first man sweeps, the second marks (say, with a tin disc) the spot where the sweeper's mine-detector has met with a reaction. He is followed by two others who have the most dangerous job of all—of disarming the marked mine. The remaining four have the job of lifting the mines once they are disarmed.

We now come to the field units forming part of the infantry and armoured divisions. The restoration of road systems and bridges is vital. The Army depends on its supplies, and it is satisfactory to note that the British bridging equipment is far in advance of all others—German, Russian or American—though the latter are now adopting our type of bridge, which is assembled on the schoolboy's Meccano principle, able to cope with longer spans than any field bridge known in history, and largely dispensing with pontoons. The restoration of the roads has become so important in Italy that the authorities in England have decided to devote more and more time to road engineering in the training of both officers and men.

These field units become more essential every day with our perpetual landings and chasings up the coast and grabbing ports all the way from Tobruk to Termoli. Their highly technical cold-blooded skill in restoring installations seldom receives any recognition, but Kesselring was completely taken aback by the speed with which new tracks from the beaches have been created and new roads repaired. The German commander has been still more surprised by the speed with which the badly blitzed aerodromes—blitzed by the R.A.F. and systematically demolished by German ground personnel before departure—have been restored. Mines have had to be cleared, surfaces blasted and bulldozed into a suitable flatness before the airfields could be put into service again with the aid of wire mesh and other surfacing material. For proofing with bitumen emulsion comes much later, and concrete last of all. The airfield construction groups have done wonderful work. Fighter cover is essential for any successful battle, and airfields have to be reproduced or restored after the fiercest and most systematic bombardments by the R.A.F. and the American Air Force. They are subjected as a matter of course to dive-bombing attacks from the disgruntled enemy, and it is entirely due to them that the advance has proceeded without any setbacks since Salerno.

When the mechanised cavalry and yeomanry of the Eighth Army rumbled into Tripoli to find the port completely knocked about, it was the R.E. Works Services who came in lorries immediately behind them and set to work restoring the quays, docks, power houses, cranes and roads (doubtless cursing the R.A.F. for their efficiency) before the P.B.I. appeared on the scene and while the Royal Navy got on to the job of clearing the fairway of the port.

The artisan works companies, electrical and mechanical companies and works organisation have a gigantic job. It is they who do the road-making, the building of camps and power stations, ordnance depots and hospitals. One day in Tunisia a detachment of Royal Engineers was building depots. The next it was making and restoring roads at Medjez el Bab with fighting taking place on each side of it. It is the Royal Engineers who are responsible for the heavy engineering now in process of completion in the Azores. In this country they have a huge building programme for the United States as well as the British Army. They are responsible for the huge tunnelling scheme in the Rock of Gibraltar (where the Corps received its baptism of fire in 1772); they are busy on new work in Malta; they have done jobs from the Falklands to Iceland and from Tagaraki to Khartoum.

From the R.E. are expected new ideas and improvements in every method of waging war. Nearly all the technical developments in the Army are born and bred in the Corps, and only when they have grown up are sent out to a separate life in the Service. Signalling was an R.E. baby; so was submarine mining (1871), aeronautics (balloons in Bechuanaland in 1884, and the Air Battalion, R.E., of 1911, taken over a year later by the R.F.C.); mechanical transport in the South African War (now the R.A.S.C.) and tanks.

How many people know that Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Kitchener and General Gordon were officers in the Royal Engineers? Even the R.E. themselves have no idea how many decorations they have won in this war. Nobody seems to have bothered. It is just as well for Great Britain that this Corps has been as efficient in battle and the preparation for battle as it has been idle in letting the world know of its glorious exploits.

ONE PHASE OF THE WORK OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS: A picture taken at an R.E. (Transportation) Collective Training Camp, where soldiers handle material and construct and maintain bridges to carry the heaviest kind of stores which follow the Army by train or by lorry. The Sappers are here constructing a military railway bridge on a high-level diversion, to replace a demolished bridge: assuming that the bridge on the left had been blown up, the bridge on the right could be constructed to replace it in three days. To do this, the Engineers would work all round the clock

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE CAPTURE OF KISKA by U.S. and Canadian Troops

Whereby the Whole of the Aleutian Chain Came Once More Under Allied Control

IE FIRST DAY OF THE INVASION : Already the Americans and Canadians have extended a long earthen ramp into the water to help the invaders avoid the underwater rocks

A U.S. NAVY MAP OF THE ISLAND, showing the Jap installations on the Aleutian base from which they had hoped to threaten the American mainland. The enemy garrison stole away without fight, under cover of the heavy Aleutian fogs

AI ED MEN AND SUPPLIES start to move inland through a valley on Kiska Island on the day after the first landing on August 15. The settlement occupied by the Japs, and abandoned by them, is seen in the middle distance

WRECKED IN THE DAYS OF BOMBING AND BOMBARDMENT, a Japanese aircraft hangar was found in this condition by the Allied invaders. For fourteen days before the landing took place, the island had been heavily bombarded by U.S. warships and by American and Canadian bomber aircraft

A JAP MACHINE-GUN abandoned on the island. Beside this Allied soldier lie a discarded Japanese pack, coat and helmet

A joint announcement by President Roosevelt and Mr. Mackenzie King gave the news that strong forces of U.S. and Canadian troops, supported by warships, had occupied Kiska, the important Japanese base in the Aleutians, on August 15, without opposition. The Japanese had apparently evacuated the island earlier under cover of fog after their position had been rendered untenable by constant naval and air bombardment and the earlier occupation of Attu, westernmost of the Aleutian group, by U.S. forces. The news had been withheld for security reasons. From August 1 to 14 Kiska had been under constant naval bombardment by American warships and heavily attacked from the air by American and Canadian aircraft; between August 1 and 8 over 2,300 rounds were fired into Kiska and Little Kiska without retaliation from the enemy. By the capture of the island, the entire Aleutian chain has once more come under Allied control

BENEATH THE STEEP AND BARREN SHORES OF KISKA, this partly-submerged Japanese cargo-ship now serves as living quarters for some of the U.S. forces on the island. With the capture of Kiska by the Allies, the Japs have now lost their last Aleutian base

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

"The Feet of the Young Men."—In all wars and other revolutions, insistence is laid on a "new charter," the heritage and responsibility of youth. "Old age got the world into this mess. Youth must assume control of tidying up and rebuilding better."

The idea of youth (while the tragedy which results from the incompetence of age is being played out) contemplating age either with tolerant politeness or unveiled hostility, and very certain that henceforth the ball is, and must be, at the feet of the young men, runs through the history and literature of all wars and revolutions, and is as clearly to be observed in Tolstoy's *War and Peace* as in the post-war literature of England in the 1920's or the war literature of to-day. Myself, I do not find the idea intolerable, or even disputable. It is not even peculiar to war and revolution. It is indeed the inexorable logic of the march of Time.

The battle is to the strong and the race to the swift, and the torch is shifted from tired hands to hands newly grown to strength. One "saw" only cuts into this logic of common sense: "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*" Students of civilisation's long and tragic history may well shorten and amend even that limiting condition to: *Si jeunesse voudrait.*

It is well worth while to examine this theory again to-day and to cull from history some rough notes for guidance on what will soon be once more a burning question. The ball was unquestionably at the feet of the young men in 1918. How came it that old age once more "got us into this mess" in 1939? Was the ball kicked into touch by youth, wrested from youth or by youth abandoned on the field? Was it *force majeure* or apathy? Whatever the cause may have been, the pages of history in those disastrous years between wars do not show us (as regards civic responsibility) youth at the helm. It was an old man (with an umbrella) who went to Munich to snatch a respite in 1938. Old men were in charge of national policy when we stripped ourselves of the means of defence. A greybeard represented "capitalism" in Threadneedle Street, even if youth was well represented at the boards of multiple directorships and on the Stock Exchange. It was an "old man," too, who, in opposition, vainly warned the nation and Government of the inevitable consequences of unilateral disarmament and of the wrath to come; and if his small band of supporters (who now hold key positions in his all-party Government) were mostly young men, their warnings were quite ineffective. Committees of old men were selecting, by outworn standards, candidates for Parliament; old men were directing policy, or apathy, in matters of religion; and social reform made slow progress. And where were the young? They were "featured" at Deauville, they received generous publicity in the Society illustrateds as "bright young things"—very much "at the helm" in matters of pleasure and sport—on the football-field, the cricket-field, on the dog-tracks and race-tracks, as patrons of crooners and silly cinemas and crime literature and penny-dreadful journalism. But, by and large, they were kicking the wrong ball and steering the pleasure yacht.

The Pointers of History.—There must be an explanation of this apparent abandonment of a pledge, this throwing away of a great opportunity. It must surely lie in the defence that in 1918 the job was *not* done, but left half done. The victory of arms itself was left half achieved. The victory of peace was not even attempted. The bad old world survived the cataclysm and came again strongly, and youth was carried along on its tides and passions and selfish impulses. The responsibilities of citizenship and leadership, to which the youth of 1914-18 had half-pledged itself, were either not to be wrested from the still vigorous grasp of the bad old age or were abandoned in the stronger impulses towards pleasure and self-interest. The pages of recent history reveal another curious sidelight: When in 1939 the old men had "got us into this mess again," it was not only the young men (the airmen of the Battle of Britain and so forth) who got us out of it.

The page of history reveals this startling fact: In 1943, Churchill was aged sixty-nine; Stalin, sixty-four; Roosevelt, sixty-one; and Chiang Kai-shek, fifty-eight. Without the leadership of these four "old men," where would freedom and the hopes of a better world at last stand to-day? And earlier pages reveal another corrective truth: There were political movements on foot of an important kind in other countries of Europe in those years between, and these were essentially movements of youth which won almost all the youth of the nations concerned and swept age aside and dashed all power from its hands. The chief of them were called Nazism and Fascism, and we do not to-day regard either as politically sound or of high morality. It would be unjust to disregard a number of minor movements of a more responsible kind in which youth in Britain took a chief part in the years between wars. With research, a longish list could be made up, covering religious revival (e.g., the Group movement), the political field (e.g., the Mosleyites, the Peace movement) and literature (book societies and so forth). But at the end of it, the dilemma emerges from the pages of history that, after the first fearful lesson, youth bungled it, whether it assumed or whether it rejected the opportunity it was offered of political leadership and moral reformation.

LAND-GIRLS HELP TO PRODUCE THE BASKETS FOR THE INVASION: Basket-making plays its part in the war, and it is not an unimportant one. No other type of container is so well able to carry a heavyweight and absorb the shock of sudden impact as a wicker hamper. Specially designed basket-panniers are, therefore, used by our paratroops. The famous "Wingate Circus" in Burma was supplied by such means; and specially designed baskets are also used for carrying the precious plasma for blood transfusions. The basket-making industry is now having its busiest time for fifty years. Many land-girls have answered the call to combat the shortage of willows, and they have quickly adapted themselves to this unusual kind of farming—cultivating the willow—which necessitates a great deal of hard manual work, and which involves hoeing, cutting, sorting, boiling and peeling. Machinery can only be used for the latter process; all the others are hand work. In this picture, land-girls are seen carrying large bundles of prepared willows—sorted, peeled and bolted up—off to the factory where they will be made up into "invasion baskets"

And now all is to do again. The same condemnation of age is thundered out, the same pledge is entered into by youth to assume the leadership which it has earned as a right and must carry on as a duty.

"Si Jeunesse Voudrait . . ."—Crabbed age is supposed to be critical of youth and suspicious of its enthusiasms and demands. I am in the ranks of crabbed age, but I do not feel critical of the youth of to-day. On the contrary, so far as my experience goes, I find youth, in every walk of life, peculiarly attractive. Its manners are a vast improvement on those of my own youth. Youth treats me with a respect which I do not deserve and warmly appreciate, and I find a gravity and a purpose in the youth of my acquaintance which were lacking in my own youth among my contemporaries.

Yet still in my walks and talks I hear two voices among the young. I am assured that in our wonderful armies of Africa and elsewhere there are great and growing movements afoot to translate into action sober and constructive thoughts on the problems of reviving religion and rebuilding the political and civic structures of our country more soundly. And sometimes I get an echo of these fine voices in Britain itself. But I get an echo of other voices also. As a magistrate, my experiences of the purpose and resolve and moral standards of youth are not encouraging, and "outside the law" also I sometimes—too often—get an impression of young men and women not yet pledged to assume their civic responsibilities, thinking again in terms of "making up for lost time" after the austerities of war, of snatching from the fire of war some few poor, charred sticks of the fun and pleasure they have missed. It is understandable, but it is not encouraging. Youth cannot afford to relax, even for a fortnight after the Armistice, if the vital opportunity is not once more to be lost in a landslide to pleasure and self-interest. On the day that war ends, there are items on the agenda of youth, starred for instant action. And among the very first is the insistent need of securing at last a really representative Parliament by ending the present tragedy of coupon candidates, and candidates put forward by local party committees composed of shell backs. Youth, too, must kill the vulgarities and poisons of the cheap, sensational Press, of the cheap cinema, the trivialities of broadcasting, and all that is base and shoddy in art and literature and music.

And since the entire fabric of a world better built rests on the foundations of an efficient system of national education, rooted in the Christian ethic, youth, which alone can benefit from it and alone can make it effective, must take educational reform instantly into its hands, from within as well as from without, and see to it that the teachers are drawn from the "*herrenvolk*" of this country, and that the taught derive full benefit from an improvement in the standards of teaching, by application and constant attention. *Si jeunesse voudrait . . .* If youth resolve to press forward without delay the achievement of these named reforms (a small proportion of the vital agenda), it will have gone far to solve the problem of building a new Jerusalem in this still potentially green and pleasant land.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"*THE LOVE RACKET.*"—I have never been so sure of anything in the theatre as that this musical comedy at the Victoria Palace will last for months and months, probably for years and years, and possibly until the war is over or even until after the next one has begun. It has been produced with competent slickness by Mr. William Mollison, the music is gay and catchy, there are three brilliant young charmers in Miss Carol Raye, Miss Valerie Tandy and Miss Peggy Carlisle, and Mr. Arthur Askey is a comedian with a deservedly large following. And he does not indulge in nasty leers and suggestive slime. Mr. Roy Royston makes a welcome return to the stage with a grand performance. Miss Eileen Tatler gives a clever sketch of an Argentine vamp which is physically well within her sphere.

"*She Follows Me About.*"—Mr. Ben Travers has written several brilliant farces, but to my way of thinking this affair at the Garrick is below his usual form. That may be because I do not think parsons are funny on the stage (though lots of 'em can be unconsciously funny off it). Here we have Mr. Robertson Hare, as the Rev. Mr. Something-or-other, found in a bathing costume with a couple of girls also scantily clad. Later on appear a couple of actors dressed as bishops, a Watch Committee, mention of improper photographs, and, of course, lots of rushing about and shouting and door-banging and feigned distress. Mr. Basil Radford, Mr. Percy Parsons, delightful Miss Joyce Heron and other clever people do their best for it. But that does not—or, rather, cannot—amount to much.

"*The Dark River.*"—Clever people, too, in Mr. Rodney Ackland's play of nostalgia, etc., at the Whitehall, notably Miss Peggy Ashcroft, who cannot make up her mind to cast her old love out of her life at the not unnatural request of the new. The play has ideas in plenty, but they are poorly presented, and I found the evening, on the whole, a dull one. The author, I read, thinks his play a masterpiece, or something near it. So much the better for him.

"*Acacia Avenue.*"—This unpretentious little comedy of Suburbia *is*, in its way, a masterpiece. The authors have been content with Mr. Pooterism and exploit it brilliantly. There is humour in plenty, and sometimes wit as well, and Mr. Gordon Harker, getting away from Gorblimey Cockneydom for a while, is deliciously amusing. So is Miss Megs Jenkins, a young character-actress with, I think, a brilliant future.

LEADING PERSONALITIES of the DAY

THE PRIME MINISTER AT SIR DUDLEY POUND'S FUNERAL: Marching in the procession to Westminster Abbey for the first part of the funeral service. Later, after a private cremation, the late First Sea Lord's ashes were scattered in the sea. The Prime Minister was dressed in top hat and black frock-coat: behind him in this picture is the bearer of the Lord High Admiral's Flag

THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, arriving for a conference at the War Cabinet offices on October 22. This is the first picture of Admiral Cunningham taken in London since he relinquished his command in the Mediterranean and assumed his new office as Chief of Naval Staff at the Admiralty

THE RETURN TO LONDON OF THE EX-VICEROY OF INDIA: **Police keep a watchful eye on a group of Indian students who tried to demonstrate as Lord Linlithgow left Victoria Station.** Until a few days ago Lord Linlithgow was Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He returned to Britain, after handing over to Lord Wavell, by air; and at Victoria was met by members of his family and by representatives of the King and Cabinet. At the exit to the station, as the ex-Viceroy drove off, a small group of Indians gathered in the hope of creating a demonstration After a short stay in London, Lord and Lady Linlithgow intend to return to their Scottish home

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW AT VICTORIA with their daughters, Lady Doreen and Lady Joan Hope, after their arrival in this country from India. In Lord Linlithgow's arms is his granddaughter, Lady Sarah June Hope

A GOLD COAST PARAMOUNT CHIEF appeals for a bigger war effort: Paramount Chief Azzu Mate Kole, recently broadcast an appeal to the people of the Gold Coast to increase their war effort by producing more palm kernels and palm oil. In his broadcast, he described how Lord Swinton, had met the Eastern Province Provincial Council of Chiefs and had received a solemn promise from them that they would urge their people to produce more. In the picture above, the Paramount Chief is seen speaking into the microphone at the Government Radio Station, at Accra. Behind him is his boy attendant carrying the gold-mounted Sword of State

MR. IRVING BERLIN IN LONDON where he is now supervising the production of his all-soldier musical show, "This is the Army," in which he plays a part

KAY STAMMERS WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER: Mrs. Michael Menzies, formerly British Hard Courts champion (a distinction she won three times) recently gave birth to a little girl

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE WEEK'S NEW BOOKS

Victorian Influence in the West Indies; An Englishman from Tokyo; A Character Study of Raleigh; A Fine Record of the Royal Navy; The Batsford Centenary

CASHEL, in Mr. James Hope-Hennessy's WEST INDIAN SUMMER (Batsford. 12s. 6d.), was aide-de-camp to the Governor of Trinidad in 1939. From the boredoms of official life he turned to a library of books written by eminent visitors to the South Sea—Froude, Trollope, Robert Dudley, Henry Coleridge, and several more. And as Cashel wandered through the islands, past strange grasses nodding their feathery heads, lithe, unhealthy roots, fantastic trees, "the quivering shrubs, veridian leaves, wild thorns and poisonous berries forming a cage of living greenery," he thought how the Victorian interest in the odd and excessive found its ideal object in tropical foliage—"the cabbage palms, the calabash and the trumpet trees, the giant canna blossoms, the brilliance of bougainvillea seen at last in its proper setting, the white stephanotis against the blood-red hibiscus hedge, the swish of humming-birds darting, the long, long ropes of creeper looped wildly against the high trees."

And as he wandered he evoked again the ghosts of those early Elizabethans who came here, he pictured again "old Trollope banging about the world" (in Froude's words), he contrasted Trollope's rosy dreams of coloured government with Froude's own conservative Imperialism. The book is charmingly illustrated, and through it the noisy ghosts dance an unfamiliar sarabande against the exotic foliage to the tune of the author's elegant and sophisticated piping. This is a beguiling wartime diversion.

AMERICAN SERVICEMEN PAY TRIBUTE TO TOM PAINE: A plaque in memory of Thomas Paine—writer, Libertarian, one of the founders of American Independence, and author of "The Rights of Man"—was unveiled recently at his birthplace in Thetford, Norfolk. The plaque was presented by American Servicemen in this country, some of whom have named a Flying Fortress in his honour. In the picture above, 2nd Lieut. James E. Zengerle, pilot of the "Tom Paine," is seen with Professor Frank Dobie, Professor of American History at Cambridge University. The aircraft bears the author's famous words—"Tyranny, like Hell, is not easily conquered"

The most informative book about Japan that I have read recently is Mr. John Morris's TRAVELLER FROM TOKYO (Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.). Mr. Morris went to Japan in 1938 as an English adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office, and as lecturer on English literature in one of the many universities. His book describes not only his own experiences but much of what he has learned about the people themselves, their character and their beliefs. He himself was repatriated only recently.

Of three of Japan's most widely publicised institutions he writes lucidly and, as far as one can see, without bias. Cherry-blossom time, for instance, is disappointing. It lasts little more than a week, and even the splendour of the flowers seems theatrical. Chrysanthemum-time, one gathers, is less spectacular but more satisfying.

Geishas can be a bore, though "it can at least be said of Geisha that their presence saves one from having to make small talk. . . . I have a suspicion that many Japanese themselves find them boring; but that cannot be admitted, for they are a part of the national tradition."

For most of us nowadays Japan is synonymous with the Japanese Army, so that the author's observations on this are particularly timely. "It is an absolutely first-rate fighting machine, and we should be foolish to underestimate it. It will go on fighting until the bitter end. Not for one moment do I doubt that we shall eventually destroy it, but for that the first prerequisite is a proper realisation of the toughness of the job."

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FOR SALE! The Minister of Works and Buildings has handed over to Sir Vincent Baddeley, on behalf of the Red Cross and St. John Fund, damaged stone and timber salvaged from the shattered buildings of the Palace of Westminster after the air raid on May 10, 1941. The stone is being processed by a London firm and made into numerous useful and ornamental articles to be sold to the public. The money so collected is to go to the above-named organisation. Carved gargoyles and dog-tooth ornaments—actual portions of the Houses of Parliament—may also be purchased. Above, stone-masons are seen at work making the souvenirs from salvaged stone. Each finished article carries a certificate vouching for its origin

Mr. Milton Waldman some years ago wrote a competent and well-balanced biography of one of the great Elizabethans, which has now been reprinted. SIR WALTER RALEIGH (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is primarily an estimate of the man's character rather than an account of all his expeditions, although these naturally are given their place.

The author contrasts Raleigh's life with those of Drake and Robert Cecil, and writes that although he lived among the great ruling families of England, the country of his mind was that of Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe and Hakluyt, the last three of whom were his close friends.

"If any single fact in Raleigh's life may be considered decisive it is the favour of Elizabeth which made him a courtier. . . . His appearance, his facile mind, his knack of intrigue, served to obtain him easy substitutes for what he should have earned by his energy and his genius. Whilst the less-favoured Drake was using the abilities God had given him to make his country's fortune and his own, while the ugly little Robert Cecil was by rigid discipline preparing himself to follow in his illustrious father's footsteps, Raleigh relied to too large an extent on his figure and his tongue to bring him those material rewards the seeking of which made other men great."

Mr. Waldman quotes extensively from contemporary letters and memoirs and from his own writings, and has assembled his material with scholarly discretion.

Commander E. Keble Chatterton has written and edited a magnificent record of a year in the Navy's history. THE ROYAL NAVY: January 1941-March 1942 (Hutchinson. 21s.) is very fully illustrated with nearly 400 photographs and drawings. The photographs naturally are the more dramatic, and some of them are extraordinarily poignant. The book is one in a series of "Britain at War," and is the second volume to deal with the Navy. Commander Chatterton is, of course, a recognised expert on his subject and writes with the appropriate punch and vigour.

The author of the *Mrs. Tim* books has given her many and indubitably grateful readers another volume in the same agreeable, unprofessional style, dealing this time with a different family. THE TWO MRS. ABBOTTS (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is a novel about two women, living in an English county town and working out their quiet existences in a manner that should be satisfactory to all library subscribers. Although near each other in age, their relationship is that of aunt and niece, and they are almost indistinguishable in their general niceness. Barbara Abbott is the Barbara Buncle of a previous book by this author, and Jerry, a new creation, is a pleasant, outspoken, horse-loving girl with a husband in the Western Desert.

Into their well-bred circle comes Janetta Walters, a popular authoress of the Dell type, who has reformed, cut her hair off and is determined to write "something really good." She eventually marries a major. Jerry has a family friend and factotum, the elderly Miss Marks, who, almost singlehanded captures a German parachutist, and the story ends soon after this, happily if inconclusively.

There are at least three distinct threads to the plot of this pleasant little book though none of them is ever woven in with another, and they continue independently to the end. The author has made her name, with considerable justification, as a writer about familiar people and the present book is in the same manner.

"THE KEYS OF GIBRALTAR": Air Commodore S. P. Simpson, whose promotion to the rank of Acting Air Vice-Marshal has just been announced. This picture was taken when, as R.A.F. Commanding Officer at Gibraltar, he was inspecting officer at the Ceremony of the Keys

It is the mark of a more-than-competent writer that he can interest his readers in circumstances and conditions that are absolutely foreign to them. For instance, although I have for years wished to visit the city of Los Angeles, it is still unknown territory to me, and I know little about its geography and much less about its public institutions. About the organisation of its police force I know absolutely nothing, and yet a book called MURDER COMES TO DINNER (Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.), dealing specifically with all these matters, has given me a completely entertaining evening.

Mr. Robert Fleming writes, it is understood, of a fictional police force in this city, and this is just as well, because not all its members have those qualities which lead visiting film stars to cry, "Aren't your policemen wonderful?" The first murder—and no self-respecting thriller is content nowadays with only one—takes place at a police convention, and therefore literally under the noses of the representatives of law and order.

From the murder to the solution of its mystery a great deal of graft, terrorism and general unpleasantness is discovered and exposed. Altogether a very readable affair, even if the lights and the food and the rackets do seem to belong to another world.

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Much of it is necessarily concerned with inner history, which will be more interesting to associates than to general readers, but what must emerge for anyone who reads the book appreciatively is a picture of long and friendly collaboration between writers, artists and publishers; a team-work which has been responsible for an exceptionally high standard in book production.

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It is probable that the ceremonial drinking of healths is derived from the Greco-Roman custom of pouring libations to the gods. A more sophisticated age introduced the drinking to living personages. But it must not be supposed that in classical days it was the gods alone who enjoyed themselves. Horace found it necessary to chide the over indulgent with

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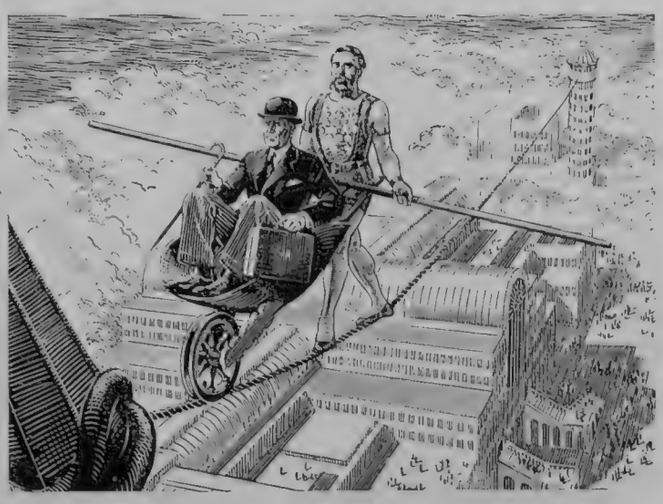

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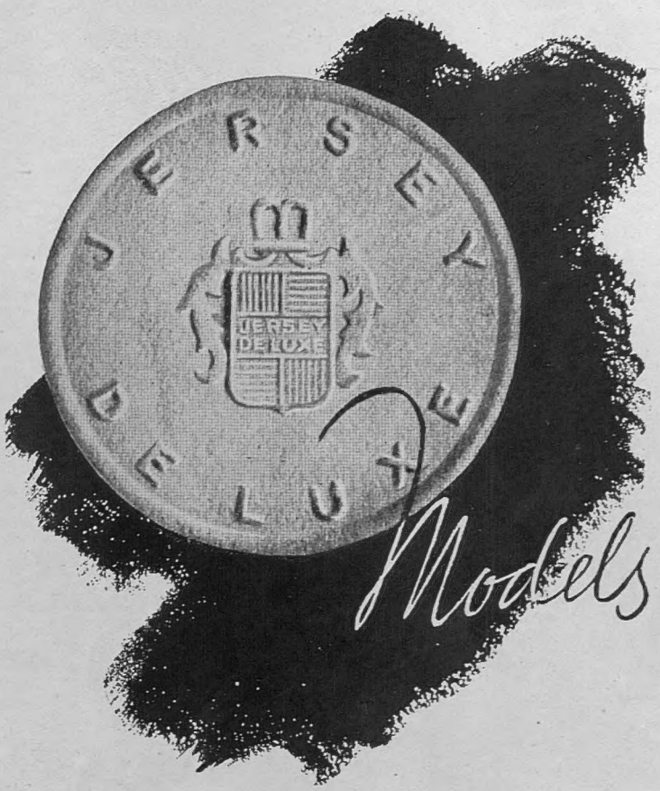

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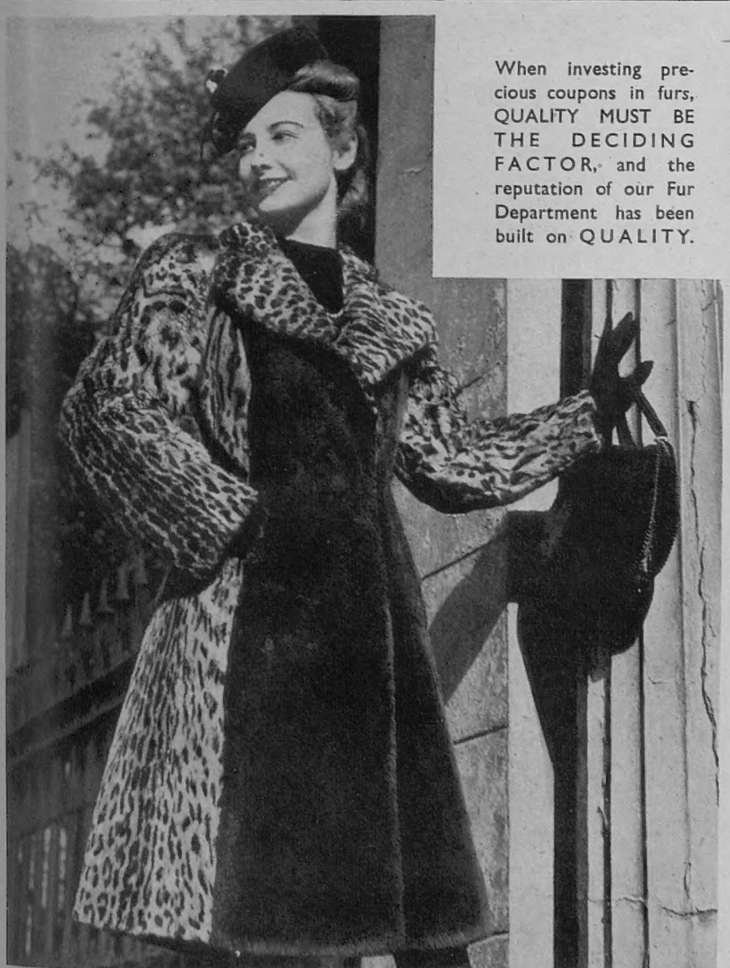

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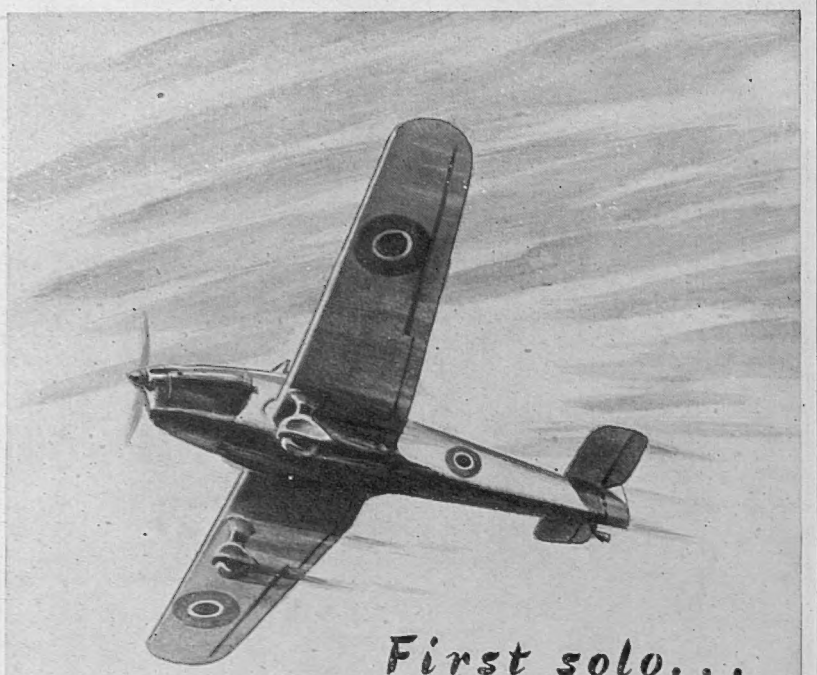

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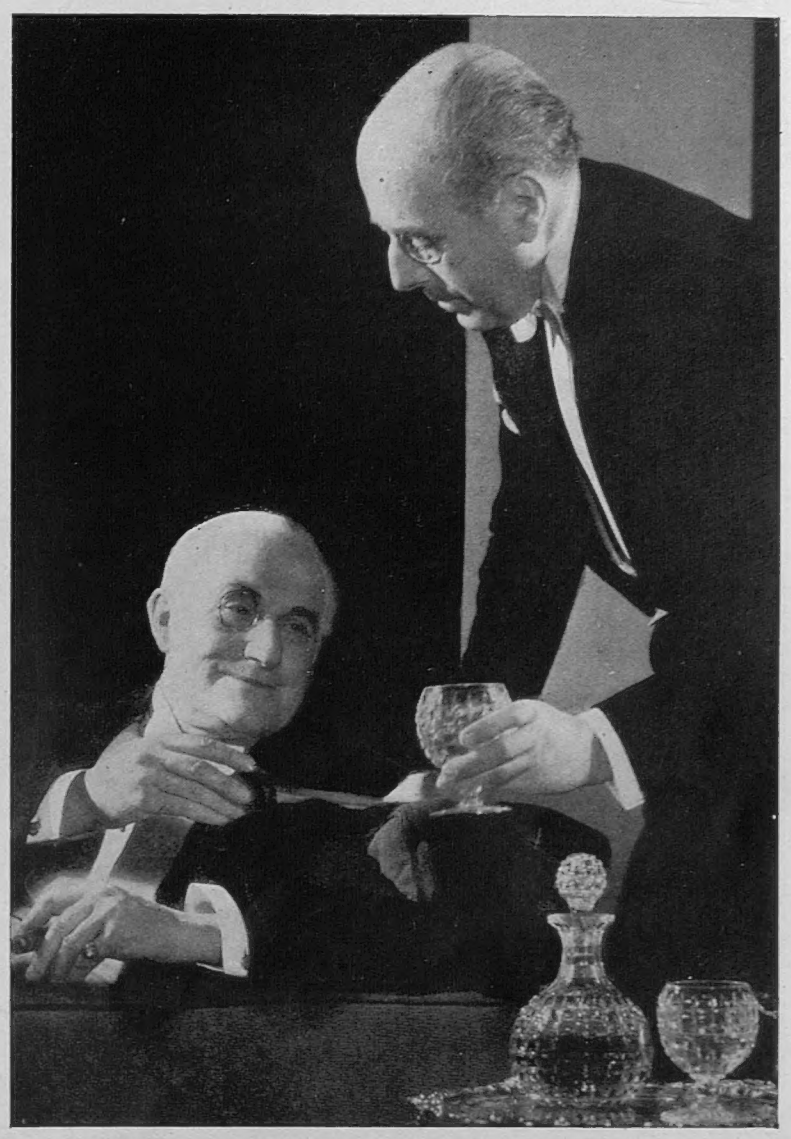

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